

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 1

*There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one*

*My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new bluejeans  
My father was a gamblin' man  
Down in New Orleans*

*Now the only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and trunk  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk*

----- organ solo -----

*Oh mother tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
Spend your lives in sin and misery  
In the House of the Rising Sun*

*Well, I got one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain*

*Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one*

It's an American folk classic made famous by an English group, *The Animals*. I was getting ready to go off and fight Mr. McNamara's War in Southeast Asia. I was kind of like that soldier who sang, *Please Mr. Custer, Don't Make Me Go*. Custer didn't listen to him, and they didn't listen to me. At least in 1965 I had a good rifle, an M14. I was one of the few to get a replacement fiberglass stock. About the time I completed my tour, they began issuing the M16. It was lighter and the ammo weighed less but they forgot to include cleaning kits and a lot good men died.

They solved the problem, or so I've heard, with a comic book. Man, did I want to take my rifle home with me. However, I managed to get one from a guy in Devine, Texas. A guy who was in Special Forces over there wrote to me to tell me he also got one from the guy in Devine, Elmer C. Ballance. He, like me, absolutely loves 2 firearms, the

M1911 and the M1A/M14. I recently picked up a Taurus PT1911 from my dealer up in St. Louis because of all the extra features offered. It's hand fitted and includes several features without extra charge. As with all my .45ACP's I use 230gr ammo, Gold Dot for tactical and Lawman for practice.

I had both a McMillan stocked Super Match and a California legal Loaded model with the McMillan stock. The Loaded had noticeably less recoil so I swapped out the NM Flashhider with a Muzzle Break adapter from Surefire. When it came to putting sights on the Super Match, I went all out and got a Carl Zeiss Victory Diavari 6-24x 72 T\* with the built in Laser Rangefinder and factory installed Bullet Drop compensator for my ammo of choice, the 180gr match grade 7.62x51mm subsonic round by Engle Ballistic Research they called the Thumper. I got a second BDC for Hornady 168gr A-MAX,

A friend who was a class III dealer got the adapter and the improved flashhider for me. He claimed that it pre-dated the FOPA, which I know for a fact it didn't. I didn't have to wait 9 months for the BATFE to do the background check and issue the tax stamp. On the Loaded model, I used A.R.M.S. mounts and installed a Leupold Mark 4 4.5-14x50mm ER/T M1 Front Focal scope. I shot Black Hills 165gr SPBT. Between you and me, I suspect he reported it stolen and collected from me and the insurance company.

My other guns, while we're on the subject, included a Colt Commander, a Remington 11-87 with the Wilson Combat Ghost Ring (rear) XS (front) and a Mossberg 590A1. I never could figure out what it took to be a good wing shot so I had no longer barrels. I also had 2 Ruger 10/22s all tricked out, a Browning Hi-Power and a Ruger Mk II. The upside of the expensive weapons, excluding the Browning, was the type of finishes they had.

Except for the sniper rifle, it was a modest collection. I could claim that my collection resulted from years of scrimping and saving but it didn't. When I got into the accident and broke my back, the first thing I did was hire a good lawyer. I know, it's an oxymoron. The truck that struck me had fleet insurance with high liability limits and my lawyer got me the million, less his cut. I sold the house and moved to the Branson area, Ozark country.

I found a place on the Missouri side of Bull Shoals Lake, right on the water. I bought a well-used mobile home and set up camp. The first improvement was a well and an oversized septic system. A contractor installed a circular basement with an overhead of 6" of concrete topped by 3' of earth and a second 6" concrete slab. The dome contractor installed the 40' (diameter) dome. Even with 10' ceilings in the dome, I had a main level and a smaller second floor. Access to the basement was through a hatch that served as a closet floor and a concrete well with access to a ladder to the blast door.

The generator had gone in as soon as the basement floor had cured and before the overhead was poured. The same applied to the various shelter equipment like the bathroom fixtures, the 4 in 1 kitchen and upright freezer. The bunks came in while the floor was curing and the contractor had his men set them on the basement floor. Various in-

stallations would happen after the dome was done, but I didn't want to try and get the equipment down a 4'x4' shaft. The gray and black water dumped into a holding tank and was periodically pumped directly to the septic tank.

Around 250k later I had my dome and shelter. A third contractor was hired to install a bathroom w/shower, the kitchen, kitchen cabinets and three rooms, my bedroom and two dorms capable of holding 6 people each. He buried the largest diesel tank available from Containment Solutions and connected it to the generator. Being out in the country made the choice of the appliances relatively easy, they were electric or propane.

After the third contractor left, I routed the U-213 antenna cables and added Alpha Delta surge protectors/lightening arresters and had the radio antenna tower installed. Although I could afford anything I wanted for communications equipment, I stuck with Kenwood and Motorola. Yaesu was good, but not worth the price difference. I had two TS-2000 radios, one in the basement and the other in my Dodge Ram 3500. The business radios were the CM-300s and CP-200s. My CB was a President Washington and the truck CB was a Cobra. I had a pair each of both CBs and VHF CM-300s and four CP-200s. The beam and Yagi antennas were Cushcraft. The vertical was a 10 band MFJ. I also had verticals for the CB, business radio and a Diamond D-130J. I had two of most things, intending them to be used as spares or by a second person.

The main floor had the kitchen area next to the dining room, a living room/family room, a ¾ bath with the laundry and two bedrooms, a master and a guest with full baths. The second floor had a full bath with large tub and separate shower and 3 bedrooms.

It wasn't so much what the home and basement cost, it was the extra like a pair American Safe Rooms, Inc. air filters, a set of spare filters and the blast hatch. Equally expensive was the CD V-700, the package and the CD V-717 plus the AMP 200.

When I finished up physical therapy, I took an Emergency Medical Technician Basic class in Springfield. Missouri doesn't have an Intermediate level, only EMT and Paramedic. I found some other classes and learned how to start IVs and a few other things I wanted to know or have the skill. Other than a minor amount of limited mobility, I was the picture of health. I called it my slow foot. The doctor seemed to think that, in time, the foot would return to normal, the broken back had seriously bruised my spinal column.

I had been working on him since I moved down to the border on getting a few things above normal as medical supplies for my basement. I showed him the EMT card and he wasn't impressed. I showed him the certificates of completion from the classes I'd taken in Oklahoma and he was more impressed. Enough so that he relented and wrote the prescriptions for a few supplies I bought from a medical supply house.

That stuff isn't cheap, let me tell you. No wonder a day in the hospital costs a grand plus. I got a mixed case of saline, Ringers and D5W plus 24 IV administration sets and 30 IV starters. There was an assortment of pills including Tylenol #3, blood pressure,

tranquilizers and Nexium plus a very few injectable drugs including insulin, epinephrine, diazepam, military MK 1 kits and a single vial of morphine sulfate. Also, medical oxygen and nasal cannulas. I bought the best first aid kit I could find and then hit Wally World filling in with OTC meds.

My list began getting shorter and shorter. I was down to my Dodge. I sold the old mobile home and used the money to buy an old junker of a car for transportation. Next, I went to St. Louis and found someone to upgrade the pickup. I wanted the Cummins replaced with a pre-electronic diesel; the optional second fuel tank plus a cross bed tank, heavy duty bumpers. I made a list based on one of Jerry Young's stories and said, "Do that."

"It's going to cost you..."

"Did I ask? I figured anywhere from \$20 to \$40 grand. Can you do it?"

"Mind if I play with the mods and see what I can come up with?"

"At your expense, no problem. If it stays on the pickup, I'll pay for it."

"How much fuel capacity?"

"Two hundred gallons give or take."

"I have to see what we can do."

"How long?"

"Three months maximum. Probably about 6 weeks. Give me your phone number and I'll call when it's ready."

"Can I get a ride to the airport?"

"No problem."

I'd towed the beater to the Springfield Branson airport and it was in long term parking. The flight from Lambert field was fairly short and three hours later, I was sitting in my family room watching satellite TV and drinking iced tea. It was eight weeks before I got the call that the pickup was done. He didn't mention the screw-up over the phone.

"Normally we armor vehicles for the government and private parties. We had a vehicle nearly identical to yours in for the armor package which included the upgrades you wanted to your pickup. Somewhere along the line after the engine swap and fuel tanks, one of my guys misidentified the vehicles. Basically, you got everything you wanted plus an armor package. I can give you two choices, we take the armor out or you pay our cost of materials."

“What’s the bottom line?”

“Fifty. The ordered changes actually totaled thirty-nine including labor.”

“Take a check?”

“Is it good?”

“As gold.”

The tanks were full of stabilized fuel and he explained that he preferred PRI-D and PRI-G. He gave me a source in Springfield. I drove to Springfield picked up 6 gallons of G and 30 gallons of D from the distributor. He serviced marinas on Table Rock Lake. Next, I picked up the beater and towed it back to my fishing camp. On the way back, something I said kept nagging at me, “Good as Gold.”

It was just before the 2000 election and gold had been hovering around \$270. I called a precious metal dealer in St. Louis and asked about buying a large amount of gold and silver for cash FOB my front door. He didn’t mind selling me the gold and silver, but he didn’t like the FOB my front door. We dickered and dickered some more. \$1,000 face weighed about 55 pounds.

I agreed to spit the delivery costs and the floodgates opened. I wanted 100 ounces each in tenth, quarter and half ounce plus 700 in full ounce. I wanted \$5,000 face each of pre-65 dimes, quarters and halves plus 500 Silver Eagles. There went the major portion of my cash. It could have been worse; gold could have been \$1,000 an ounce.

My LTS foods came from Emergency Essentials, a full one year supply for two people or two years for one. I kept an open eye for surplus ammo, sometimes it was almost as good as the expensive match grade ammo. I was drawing social security disability due to the accident. I decided that a couple more things and I could call it good. A Ranger bass boat and a one year supply of what I regularly ate.

A local dealer set me up with the first and Sam’s Club took care of the second, although the second was by far the greatest amount of work. From then on, I fished when I felt like it, got permission and hunted on a neighbor’s land and mostly took it easy. I jogged a little to keep in shape, that seemed to help my slow foot, and began calisthenics to tighten some muscles and loose some flab. That took a long time, I wasn’t 20 anymore.

Bush won the election and I was watching the satellites news on the morning of 9/11/2001. It was bad when the planes hit the buildings, but then they collapsed. I figured, “Here comes trouble.” I wasn’t even close. Afghanistan made a little sense, but Iraq? What a terrible way to begin a Presidency. Soon after, I began to follow the forums closer. When I read about heirloom seeds, I bought some and a greenhouse.

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 2

I had the greenhouse erected in a small clearing and it caught the early morning sunlight and continued to get light throughout the day. It was my House of the Rising Sun, if you will. What I knew about gardening, would be a mote in a flea's eye. I had to learn and made a connection with a gal who worked in a greenhouse to learn all I could.

Cassandra aka Cass, was 46 and widowed. Their only son was in Afghanistan. She was about 5'6, weighed maybe 110 soaking wet, had a decent figure and knew her gardening. Her long hair had just a hint of auburn and she must have brushed it every night, there was never a hair out of place. She'd come by after work and on Saturdays. She was careful to explain every action and the underlying reason.

When the subject of what to do with the produce came up, she suggested canning. She agreed to help me get started if I'd buy the necessary equipment. She recommended a couple of places to buy what I needed and I went with Canning Pantry in Utah. I went with wide mouth and regular mouth jars, both quarts and pints with several cases of each and extra lids. I bought the assorted spices she recommended and an All American pressure canner, the 30 quart. It would hold 14 quart jars, double what a Presto held and was \$100 cheaper than the 41 quart.

When it came time, I bought a side of beef and hog for the freezer plus extra slab bacon and hams. Cass suggested we can some beef. She liked to buy the cheaper cuts on sale and can them. It made them tender and could make for a quick meal. I found that I was getting fond of her.

"Glen, they have round roast on sale that would be really good to can."

"Cass, I don't know one piece of meat from another, could you help pick out enough for maybe 14 quarts?"

"And help you can it?"

"If you would."

"There's not that much to do in the greenhouse. Ok, I'll go with you. We'll buy some ground beef that's on sale and can some patties, too."

I suppose we got about 40 pounds of round roast and a lesser amount of ground beef. While I cut up the roasts into chunks, she formed and browned the patties for a minute on each side. She was done before I was and started the first canner load. We started a pot with the chunks simmering to produce a broth and she seasoned it to suit her. After we had the second canner load finished we went to the greenhouse and did what little needed doing.

“You should buy a few more cases of jars; you’ll use more than you have canning the produce.”

“Would you join me for dinner, if you don’t have other plans, of course?”

“No, no other plans, I’d be delighted Glen. What did you have in mind?”

“One of the tourist traps in Branson. I could use a good steak and a shrimp cocktail.”

“I’ll drive back and you can pick me up in say one hour?”

I was getting tired of the bachelor life and longed for a little companionship, nothing more. I’d married once and got a Dear John in ‘Nam. It kind of soured me on women. I was served the moment I got home. Good riddance. Over the years I’d had a couple of intimate relationships but nothing lasting.

The next day, I ordered 12 cases each of wide mouth and regular mouth quarts and another case each of lids. Cass’s son Dave got home from Afghanistan in one piece and six months later finished the active duty portion of his enlistment. He was off to college and Cass and I were dating regularly. For some reason, she wouldn’t agree to more than the occasional dinner until Dave gave his approval.

We had gone through a large portion of the jars, canning some vegetables in pints. She made dill, bread and butter and sweet pickles. We even canned a combination of onions, celery, carrots and potatoes to add to a quart of beef chunks for a quick stew. I realized that I was now getting double the food for the same amount of money, excluding inflation. I also realized that I was developing feelings for Cass.

“Cass, I don’t know how to say this, so I’ll just blurt it out. I care for you. A lot.”

“And I you Glen.”

“What should we do about it?”

“I’m old fashioned and won’t hop in your bed without a ring.”

“And, if I ask?”

“I’ll say yes.”

“Will you?”

“Yes.”

“Need to check with Dave?”

“Not his time; anyway, he approves. I thought you’d never ask.”

“I’m a slow starter.”

“Yes, you are.”

It had been almost a year to the day since she started to teach me gardening. We were married and she kept her job at the nursery. By mutual consent, Cass kept the money from her job separate, paying for her car expenses, insurance and so forth. When her car insurance came up for renewal, she switched and we got a two car discount. I let the beater go, cheap. Her car was older and didn’t have an electronic ignition but was well maintained. I got a contractor out and had a 4 stall garage erected including one stall for her, one for me, one for the boat and one for a shop. I had the roof overhang extended to cover my building supply of firewood for the fireplace. For all intents and purposes, it looked like an ordinary masonry fireplace but it wasn’t. It had 3 bar blast valves on both the intake and outlet.

Over the years after we married, we both accumulated money, accustomed to a frugal lifestyle. On paper, I was getting rich, gold and silver were worth almost 4 times what I’d paid for them. I had the coins in a gun safe in basement and my guns in the gun safe in the master bedroom.

Although I carried, it was some time before she began to do the same. When Cass did, she selected the Browning and I ordered 124gr Lawman and +P Gold Dot instead of using the surplus ball. During 2006, Aim Surplus had 147gr South African surplus for \$187 a can. I discovered that the can held 9 battle packs and ordered an additional 20 battle packs to top off the cans, giving us a total of 12,600 rounds of SA surplus plus the other 7.62x51mm ammo.

When the Democrats won Congress in 2006, I began to get serious about our preps. We went through everything and decided to double our LTS food supply. I bought a Barrett rifle, the optional monopod and BORS mounted on the Schmidt Bender 5-25x56mm PM II III with .1MRAD adjustments. I bought 20 cases (1,600 rounds) of Barrett M33 and contacted a friend in the Army about getting some Mk211MP.

Well now, he hemmed and he hawed and didn’t say yes or no. He asked exactly what I wanted and how much or how many. I told him what I’d used in ‘Nam in terms of rockets and grenades and told him at least 1,600 rounds of MK211MP. He wasn’t sure he could get the M61s; they’d been replaced by the M67s. Only the Marines used the M-72 these days, he’d ask around. The Raufoss was an equal problem because each round was a destructive device; again, he’d check.

I ended up with 15 cans of Raufoss at \$360 a can, 2 cases of M-72s at \$1,000 per case and a gross of M67s because he couldn’t find American M61s. \$432 for the grenades. Total, \$7,832 cash. And, my friend wasn’t involved; he delegated the tasks to subordinates, just in case. He threw in one case of Lake City M118LR, no charge. He knew



about my love affair with the M14 rifle. I'd read about the Hornady 750gr A-MAX and bought 10 200-round cases.

As we had more timber cleared for our House of the Rising Sun, we sold off every stick except the hickory. It made a clean hot fire in the fireplace and on a chilly night would warm the entire dome. We enjoyed each other's company and settled into the type of relationship I'd waited a lifetime for. Cass would sometimes talk about David, her late husband who had died of pancreatic cancer. It usually came up when she'd mention something that he and I had in common and she found enchanting. She never compared us in any other way, just some of the similarities.

David had been a fan of the HK91 and had several. Dave had all of his father's guns now. There was nothing wrong with the HK91, it was a fine rifle. However, it just didn't look American. It reminded me of a sheet metal box. It lacked the graceful curves of an American rifle. She had learned to shoot the HK91 and transitioned easily to the M1A. So much so that we bought her a Loaded model of her own. That opened up my choices. I could use the Super Match with the suppressor and subsonic ammo for sniping and my Loaded model for combat should the situation arise. I could switch out the Leupold for an Aimpoint or go with the iron sights. There were infinite possibilities.

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On the political scene it appeared to me that Iraq was turning into a second Vietnam. All that time in Afghanistan with so little progress. Had it been me in charge, I'd have bombed Afghanistan back to the Stone Age using naval aircraft and left. No boots on the ground. In Iraq, I'd have begun the withdrawal while Saddam was still hanging from the noose. Extracting all forces through Kuwait, one shipload at a time.

But it didn't happen that way, Bush seemed to think we could win. Only the insurgents win a 4<sup>th</sup> generation war. We'd learned that in Vietnam and were learning it all over again. While I feared Dubya would be replaced in the White House by Hillary, he wasn't. But the choice was just as bad, the Junior Senator from Illinois, Barack Hussein Obama.

He inherited a bankrupt country fighting two wars, the stock market crashing and the housing bubble having burst and was a bit shy on experience. He added even more stimulus to the economy, but they were long term projects and the country needed a quick fix. When the government is involved, there is no quick fix. Whatever long term fixes they employ only happen when the economy has turned itself around. Ford fixed the economy, long term. Carter fixed the economy short term. Reagan inherited a mess and 21% interest rates. He was not one to mess with, ask PATCO; ask the Soviet Union.

It was now July, 2009 and the situation in both the US and the world were simply awful. Domestically, the stock market was off, oil was off, new housing starts were off, the price of gold was around \$900 and the G8 was meeting about Global Warming. Obama

had been to Russia and talked to their President plus the real guy in charge, Foreign Minister Putin, about disarmament. Even Russia was getting worried about Iran and China was reported to have leaned on North Korea while at the same time helping them with denial of service attacks on US government computers, among others.

Cass and I were going to the range each Saturday to practice, just in case. I'd gotten her the same sights for her rifle as I had for mine, the Leupold and Aimpoint. I was good, she was better. When I'd mentioned one of the stories I'd read on the forum, she'd bought 3 Colt SAAs, one in each barrel length and 2 Marlin 1895 Cowboys. She'd ordered the Laredoan crossdraw rig for me, and the single holster for herself, both with Conchos. She also got rifle scabbards in case we got horses.

I hadn't sat a horse since I was 15, back in '61. She rode occasionally before we were married. We fenced all the available ground, about 2 acres, and bought 2 American Saddlebred Horses, geldings, 6-year-olds and both went around 16 hands. We bought new tack because she hadn't like the tack offered with the horses. It was relatively plain, but had saddle bags and we added lariats for the fun of it. Both horses were trained to harness and saddle. She had taken the available harnesses and all we needed was a buggy, carriage or buckboard.

Getting the ammo was a challenge, I didn't want cowboy loads. We ended up with Winchester .45 Colt 225 gr. Super-X Silvertip Hollow Point and Winchester .45-70 Government 300 gr. Super-X JHP and that was the cheap .45-70. Since there really wasn't enough grass for the horses, we brought in a semi-truckload of hay from a farmer and a feed mix the elevator blended especially for horses (COB).

Cass got her general class license and began studying for her extra. I had my extra already, no longer needing 20wpm of code. As the days began to shorten, we went to Springfield and got dual 40 watt florescent fixtures from an electrical supply house and cases of cool white and warm white bulbs. In a slow but steady effort, I got the fixtures installed hanging on chains so the height was adjustable. Each fixture had one warm and one cool white bulb sort of like pink and blue.

The greenhouse wasn't huge by any means, 20' wide by 40' long. It's just the two of us and that's enough during the winter. We also had an outside garden for the summer. We ate a lot of salads all winter long and Cass made our own salad dressings, including mayonnaise (egg yolks, oil, salt and mustard). Adding sweet pickle relish and catsup produced 1000 Island. She'd sometimes dice up an egg and add it. We ate good, wholesome food and spent far less than I would have, had I still been single.

When the subject of buying gold came up in response to a TV ad, I took her to the basement and opened the gun safe.

"Is this enough?"

"You're rich!"

### House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 3

“Only on paper. I mean the metal has real value, but this is our rainy day fund.”

“Our?”

“What’s mine is yours, unless you just married me for my money.”

“Well of course I did. You didn’t think it was your good looks or prowess in bed did you?”

“In that case, you’ll want the combination.”

“No thank you, I was just ribbing. It’s a lot, isn’t it?”

“One thousand ounces of gold. Fifteen thousand dollars face value 90% silver coins. That’s about 70 pounds of gold and a hernia worth of silver. Due to the silver content, they’re worth about 9 times face value.”

“Some rainy day fund. I knew you were into preparedness, just not the extent. How did you do it?”

“You know how sometimes my one foot doesn’t seem to work right?”

“You said an accident.”

“That’s right, an accident where I ended up with a broken back, bruised spinal cord and numerous scrapes and bruises. Anyway, they paid the hospital bill and my attorney got a million in an out of court settlement. He took 25% and I got the rest. At the time, the interest rates were very high and most of the money was invested. I had this place built and stocked it myself. I used several different contractors. After I had my pickup switched over to non-electronic, I got to thinking and bought gold at about \$270 an ounce and silver for only a little over face value.”

“And this basement is our bomb shelter.”

“Yeah, you wouldn’t want a basement that was this hard to get into if it were a regular basement. The overhead is only 6” of reinforced special blend concrete topped with 3’ of earth topped with another 6” concrete slab, but the dome is 12” thick and covered with 3’ of earth, so our protection factor against radiation is off the scale. Even the fire-place has blast valves plus full port ball valves you can close before the blast.”

“How would you get someone down here if they were injured?”

“Either lower a Bosun’s chair by the hand crank winch in the closet, or lower the back-board.”

“So we could use something like that to lower something heavy.”

“I hadn’t thought of that. Yes, I believe we could as long as we can get it into the shaft and the blast door was open before we lowered it.”

A person can’t think of everything. All they can do is his/her best to prepare for the worst and then pray for the best. Life teaches us lessons if we choose to pay attention. That’s why schools have history classes. *Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.* (George Santayana) *Improvise, Adapt, Overcome.* (Gunny Highway) *Today is a good day to die.* (Old Lodge Skins) There is an expression for every occasion. Did you hero when you were growing up go ‘To Hell and Back’? Audie Murphy starring as Audie Murphy

Our location was essentially ideal, in the event of nuclear fallout none would come from places close by. Out in the sticks, we wouldn’t get terrorist attacks because they want public attention. About the worst that could happen would be an F-5 tornado. And if that happened it’s anybody’s guess. It would have to lift tons of concrete that it couldn’t really get a good grasp on. At most, we’d lose the garage, greenhouse, horses, grain and hay. The garage and greenhouse are covered; I’m not sure about the horses, grain or hay.

I checked with the insurance agent and he thought I was nuts but looked into it and sold me horse morbidity insurance. We covered the tack with a rider on our home policy. The grain and hay weren’t worth the cost of coverage because I had to be able to prove how much was lost.

On a side note, I’d like to point out that the title has nothing to do with New Orleans where The House of the Rising Sun was supposedly located. I did have the song in mind when I suggested to Cass we call the greenhouse The House of the Rising Sun. I recorded the song from You Tube. Cass said she’d never heard of it or didn’t recall it.

I suppose those life lessons I mentioned show my age. We used to have a really good education system in this country. They fixed it with a dose of political correctness. You can’t say the Pledge of Allegiance, you can’t this and you can’t that. Seems like there’s not much you can do. I was 19 when I went to ‘Nam and about 35 when I came home a year later. The things we saw, the lessons we learned, will be with us to our dying day.

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Obama came home and started pushing for that health care package he wanted. The Democrats had Al Franken and thought they were filibuster proof. As soon as a filibuster got rolling, they’d take a cloture vote and end it. Not even the Democrats could agree on what the package should be, allowing it to languish in Congress.

North Korea fired another batch of anti-ship missiles in early August and hit a US Cruiser. Nothing was said by the White House or Pentagon, but Glenn Beck speculated that

the US had raised the DEFCON from 4 to 3. Of course, Glenn didn't have a love affair with this White House, just like he wasn't happy with Bush. I could only stand about half his show before I had to change the channel. My five favorite channels, in order of preference, were History, Military, NGC, Fox and SciFi (Syfy). My favorite movie channels were AMC, TNT, ION and FX. Sometimes you couldn't tell if you were watching a news channel or a movie channel. Weird.

Conventional TLAM-Ds were launched against several North Korean targets, probably forever sealing the fate of those two journalists, Euna Lee and Laura Ling. We used the warheads with the bomblets. The main target was Pyongyang. The other cities hit probably included Kaesong, Sinuiju, Wonsan, Hamhung and Chongjin. Those bomblets are nasty business and much more effective than a unitary warhead. By the way, Bill Clinton secured the release of the two journalists.

North Korea might have nuclear weapons but they had no way to get them from where they were to here. That DF-2 had been a real disappointment. However, their sometimes friends, the Chinese weren't so constrained. They deplored our use of missiles against civilian targets. Russia remained silent. What I wouldn't give to sit in on one of those daily meeting in the White House.

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"Here are the satellite photos. They're massing on the DMZ."

"Put our troops in South Korea on DEFCON 2. Have we sortied the Washington? Have we shared these photos with South Korea?"

"Yes Mr. President, we've shared the photos and the Washington is on station. The SecDef can inform the Chairman to up the DEFCON level. What do we tell the media?"

"Sit on it. Stonewall them. Let's not tip our hand until it's necessary. What about the other strike groups?"

"We can have another in the area in 36 hours and a third in 72 hours. I'd think you might want to talk Secretary Gates about moving more 688I class subs into the area. He'll need to arrange for supply ships for unreprs."

DEFCONs can be different in different areas. Under the present circumstances, they were probably wise to move to DEFCON 2 in the immediate area. That was especially so with the North massing troops at the DMZ. Sixty years later, the Korean War remains unsettled. All that exists is a cease fire.

"Secretary Gates?"

"Yes Mr. President."

“If we need the troops, how fast can we draw down Iraq and move the equipment to South Korea?”

“It would take a matter of weeks.”

“What do we have that we can send there now?”

“We can have the 82<sup>nd</sup>; they can be there in less than 96 hours.”

“Make it happen.”

The 101<sup>st</sup> *Screaming Eagles* is the Airmobile Division; the 82<sup>nd</sup> *All American* is our remaining Paratrooper Division.

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When the 82<sup>nd</sup> departed Fort Bragg, the media were there. They weren't allowed on post, but they got some nice shots of the planes departing. Before the White House could clamp a lid on the situation, tongues were wagging. It was speculation, but some of them had it right. Most of us didn't know who to believe. I went with the guy who suggested Korea.

“Cass, I think it's time to top off our supplies.”

“What are we out of?”

“Nothing really, but I'm guessing that they ordered the 82<sup>nd</sup> to South Korea. It might be a good idea to get some of your personal supplies, extra toilet paper, and anything we only have part of a package of. North Korea shot at that US Cruiser and we attacked back with Tomahawks. China deplores the situation and now the 82<sup>nd</sup> is airborne.”

“Pun intended? Springfield? Sam's Club?”

“I think that's a good idea. It's a good thing we got that farm gasoline tank put in for you last year. When we get back, I'll call and have the suppliers top them off.”

“I'll need a few minutes, why not do it now?”

“Ok. Two calls, the diesel and gasoline are the same supplier and I'll get a mixed load. The propane company likes 24 hours' notice.”

“Which one do we use?”

“The closest one.”

“Give me 15 minutes.”

“You got it. Wear your pistol.”

“Oh, ok.”

After I made the two calls, I went to the master bedroom and got my Taurus and then went down to the shelter to get the cash from the gun safe turned vault. We met up in the living room just as I was coming out of the hall closet. I hooked up the trailer to the pickup and we left. The nice thing about Springfield was that they had the older Sam's Club and the newer on the East side.

I had a wad of cash and we went a little crazy buying what we eat. We pretty much filled the trailer at the old store and filled under the topper at the new store. I went to a store that sold camping goods and picked up a Katadyn water filter and two spare cartridges. I also got 6 five gallon diesel cans filled with kerosene. It was just your typical end of the world shopping trip. When we got home, an invoice for diesel and gas was stuck in the door and the propane truck was just unhooking.

“That was fast.”

“We had another delivery up the road a piece. Boss said to get you at the same time since neither of you probably needed a full tank. Here's the invoice. Mail a check or wait to be billed, your choice. Everyone seems to be stocking up.”

“Thanks.”

It seemed like it took a lot longer to unload and put the stuff away than it did to pack it in the trailer and pickup. We kept at it until everything was in the shelter except for a box of her pads and the replacements for the half packages in the pantry. They could go or stay; the foot of concrete topped with 3' of earth wouldn't let much radiation into the dome, should it come to that.

Cass opened a quart of the beef chunks and two quarts of the mixed vegetables, made a quick beef stew and served it with a loaf of French bread from Sam's. We were beat so we showered and turned in early. I turned on the NWS radio, just in case.

The next day was Saturday and we finished picking and canning the produce in the garden and some from the greenhouse. She started canning and I started digging our Kennebec potatoes, laying them on a tarp in the 4<sup>th</sup> stall of the garage to cure. I had wanted to go riding but that could wait a day. Plus I wanted to check out an Amish guy who advertised a surrey by word of mouth. A surrey is a four-wheel, two-seated pleasure carriage with an open spindle seat. It resembles a cabriolet but has a straight or nearly straight bottom, sometimes cut under. Originally English, it was introduced into the United States in 1872.

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 4

“We’re here about the surrey. May we see it?”

“This way English.”

Yep, Amish. It was relatively new and I asked why he was selling it.

“The children grow so fast. I built a 3 seater, no fringe.”

“Asking price?”

“\$800 firm. It is in fine shape, fresh grease on the axles, harness if you need it. What kind of horses?”

“American Saddlebred.”

“Ah, good carriage horses. If you want it, my sons and I will help load it on your pickup.”

“Cass?”

“It that a fair price?”

“Yes missus, it is a fair price.”

“Ok load it. \$800 hundred you said.” I pulled a wad front my right front pocket and counted off 8 bills.

“You have any trouble English let me know. I’ll warrant it for a month. You carry guns?”

“It’s a tough world out there.”

“Yes, we had that shooting at that school in Pennsylvania. Older order Amish. An unpleasant event. You’re loaded; do you need to tie it down?”

“I’ll use some bungee cords.”

After we got home and unloaded the carriage, we reinstalled the topper. We bagged some potatoes and put it in the 4<sup>th</sup> garage stall. I’d have to pull it out to finish bagging the potatoes. I could do that the next day while Cass was at work. I also pulled the gas and diesel invoice and add the correct amounts of stabilizer.

With my chores done and the horses fed, I began cutting the firewood to length. When the pile got high, I fired up the splitter and stacked the split wood under the overhang. I continued until Cass got home, probably adding over two cords to the pile. With the



wood cut to length, the splitting was easy while the stacking was more difficult. My best guess was close to 13 cords and we were running out of room under the overhang.

“You got a lot done today. That firewood should last us for years.”

“Probably but I still have 4 logs to cut.”

“Have you ever thought of putting a woodstove under a canopy to do the canning on?”

“They still make those?”

“Yes, you can get either new or used. I picked up a paper over my noon break and found a listing. After work I checked it out.”

“How much?”

“I paid for it. I need you to help me get it moved.”

“Just what we need, a wood burning stove. Show me where you want the canopy and I get a slab in and then the cover. I finished bagging the potatoes; we have 61 100 pound bags.”

“Can you run a garden hose for water?”

“I probably have whatever length we need.”

“It’s a Kitchen Queen stove, made by the Amish.”

“Store bought?”

“Uh huh.”

“Do they deliver?”

“I’ll have to check.”

“If they do deliver, pay to have it delivered. I can get the concrete in tomorrow and can start on a cover.”

“How long before we can set the stove on the concrete?”

“I’ll use a quick drying concrete so maybe a week. If you didn’t buy a cover, get one if they sell them. Here, take this cash to cover any incidentals.”

I needed to help haul those incidentals. Cass must have said, “Why not?” and bought a full set of flat bottomed cast iron pots and frying pans. They were delivered with the

stove and left sitting where the stove was unloaded. The concrete must have been cured enough to support the stove. I had the cover done and installed before the stove and cookware were delivered. It didn't give me much time to watch the news.

The cruiser, though damaged, remained with the carrier strike group. The injured and dead were transferred to the carrier and then Japan. When the second strike group arrived with 2 cruisers attached, the damaged cruiser was sent to Yokosuka and then back to the states. The second cruiser was detached from the second carrier strike group and reassigned to the first strike group. A day and one half later, the third strike group arrived. Another had sortied from its home port.

The 82<sup>nd</sup> arrived in South Korea and absent hostilities, was unloaded and moved forward to support existing American forces, elapsed time, 90 hours. North Korea was still shuffling forces. In addition to sending ships to Kuwait to transport our troops and equipment, select Army and Marine units were being withdrawn from Iraq and pre-staged in Kuwait. A total news blackout had been imposed by the White House.

The reporters still did what reporters do; make up the news with speculation when hard news is unavailable. The only news person who seemed happy with the situation was Glenn Beck.

China had called for an emergency meeting of the UN Security Council to discuss the American action against North Korea. The South Korean General Secretary was delighted with the request and called the meeting.

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“What’s the status with those Los Angeles class subs?”

“They have sailed Mr. President.”

“The SSGNs?”

“They’re all based on the east coast, Bangor and Norfolk.”

“Attack aircraft?”

“There are 85 aircraft of 7 types per carrier. In round numbers, there are between 54 and 60 per carrier.”

“I thought it would be more than that.”

“The Air Force can move F-15s and F-16s to South Korea. The Marines can move more F/A-18s. Are you thinking of an air war?”

“Do I have a choice?”

o

“Now Cass, we sit and we wait.”

“I’m still going to work, especially considering what we spent at both Sam’s Clubs.”

“What do you want me to do with the cookware?”

“Could we get a cabinet to hold it and the canners?”

“Yes, I’ll do that tomorrow.”

“We’ll need some kind of countertop to set the jars on to cool.”

“Anything else?”

“Not that I can think of.”

“More canning jars or lids?”

“Well...I’ll make a list. Spices for sure, more jars and I’ll have to check on the lids. What kind of grain mill do we have?”

“Diamant 525, made in Poland and expensive. We have spare parts.”

“Where did you get it?”

“Lehman’s.”

“I’ll check their catalog too.”

And she did, with an eye for pioneer, non-electric appliances. When she was finished the list was fairly small. It included jars in both mouth sizes and both capacities plus an assortment of spices. She didn’t choose much from Lehman’s. I placed the orders with Canning Pantry and Lehman’s that night.

The next morning after chores, I measured the canners, pots and pans and headed to Springfield to get 2 countertop cabinets, one for each side of the stove. I had a dickens of a time finding what I decided I wanted but it was installed when she got home, with the canners, pots and pans sitting inside.

I’d paid for premium shipping on the orders with Lehman’s and Canning Pantry because I didn’t want the stuff in transit with our having paid for it if something happened. I wouldn’t have needed to in this case. While no one knew exactly what the government

was doing about the situation in Korea, it seemed apparent that they were doing it slowly.

Fox had a breaking news report about troops being withdrawn from Iraq via Kuwait, but no official information. At least we didn't have to listen to Robert Gibbs stumbling as he tried to answer simple questions because there were no press conferences. Glenn Beck had lost a great source of material.

I tried to ride every day, as much for the horses' sake as my own. They needed the exercise and I needed the practice. I bought some cowboy loads for the Colts and Marlin because it was so much cheaper than the full power loads. I'm in good shape for someone my age, but a double gun rig is heavy. The boots on my feet were roper's style for ease of walking. My grey hat was a genuine Stetson 6X Rancher and expensive at half the price. Add to that blue jeans and a blue work shirt and you have my get up. Oh, plus a vest.

o

"I like it. Those cabinets are perfect. How did you get the things from Canning Pantry and Lehman's so quick?"

"I paid for premium delivery."

"But that's expensive."

"True. I didn't want it on the debit card and in transit in case something happened."

"Korea?"

"There seems to be a total news blackout. The last two things we heard were about the 82<sup>nd</sup> and the report last night about troops withdrawing to Kuwait. I know we can't fight a 3 front war; so, is he pulling the troops out to bring them home or send them to Korea?"

"One of the gals at work said something similar. I got the impression that her husband and she went to Springfield shopping too. It was just a passing comment when she said she thought she saw me at the new Sam's Club."

"What did you say?"

"I said, *Could be, we shop there occasionally.*"

"Are they preppers?"

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 5

“She’s never really said; but then I’m the same way, it’s not something preppers talk about, you taught me that.”

“We could handle up to 12 more people in the shelter if needed. It would be in the bunk rooms and probably a bit crowded, but we could do it. I had no one in mind when I built it, but later had Dave in mind if he could get here from Columbia, plus a girlfriend. Why did you only have a single child?”

“I had problems with my pregnancy. The doctor tied my tubes so I couldn’t get pregnant again. He said a second could kill me.”

“That must have been hard to take.”

“Yes and no. It was hard but allowed me to devote my full attention to Dave.”

“You did a bang up job.”

“David had as much to do with how he turned out as I did.”

“Do you want to go shooting Saturday or riding?”

“Could we try out the surrey?”

“Yes, if I can figure out the harnesses.”

“I can help with the harnesses. I harnessed a few horses at the riding stable.”

“She’s a knock out, can cook and knows how to harness horses. Wow!”

“Tonight, when we go to bed; meanwhile cool your heels.”

“Yes dear.”

By in large, Cass lacked spontaneity when it came to bedroom antics. She preferred that we both be freshly showered. I didn’t try to figure it out, I adapted. Beyond that, she didn’t set limits. Our relationship was filled with passion.

o

“Secretary Gates, can you recap our status?”

“Mr. President. We have three carrier strike groups on scene and the fourth and final will arrive within 24 hours. The last of the subs will arrive within hours. Our ships should reach Kuwait within 18 hours and two shiploads of troops and their equipment are pre-

positioned. The Air Force has moved the available F-15s and F-16s to bases in South Korea. Marine F/A-18s are on standby.”

“How long before the troops from Iraq arrive in South Korea?”

“A week, if not longer. We could fly in the troops, but they would need their equipment.”

“What have we learned from the satellites?”

“The North Korean forces seem to be in their final positions, movement has dropped off. As to when they’ll cross the DMZ, it would be anyone’s guess. The DMZ is heavily mined. And any attempt to openly cross it would be disastrous. Either they use mine clearing techniques or tunnel underneath. We have seismic sensors to warn us of the latter. I would assume they’d use mechanical means to clear the mines, perhaps like our Grizzly system.”

“We could see those and take them out.”

“I was thinking something on the order of a man portable device. If they had something like that, we’d get little warning. It could take out a majority of the mines and their troops the balance.”

“What mines do we have over there?”

“We have anti-tank plus M-14 and M-16 anti-personnel. Mostly older mines left over from Vietnam.”

“So, bottom line, we’re exposed until the troops arrive from Iraq?”

“In a word, yes.”

o

Based on experiences during WW II and the Korean police action, the military adopted a better rifle based on the Garand but with fewer problems. The nomenclature was M14. While it was less than ideal for Vietnam, it would be idea for a second Korean conflict. There weren’t enough available to equip the forces already in Korea, let alone those being moved there.

“I hate this.”

“What’s that Glen?”

“The waiting for something to happen; it would be different if TPTB were giving us some information. This total news blackout just makes me worry more. We get a piece here, another there. I’m more convinced than ever that it has something to do with Korea at-

tacking our cruiser and our retaliation. We wouldn't even know about the retaliation if China hadn't made a big deal at the UN."

"How's that going?"

"You tell me. I tried to access the UN website and it came up 404, this website cannot be found. What interviews the delegates to the Security Council are giving are devoid of information and mostly generalities, except for what China is saying. They seem to be trying to win their argument in our press."

"If something happens in Korea, will China side with the North?"

"I don't know. They were telling North Korea to stand down on the nuclear issue but are believed to have helped with those Independence Day attacks on the computer systems. That brings me right back to what I was saying initially about not knowing."

"Could it lead to a nuclear war?"

"I suppose it's possible, but I hope not even though we have a shelter. If it gets to looking like that might happen, do you think Dave would come down?"

"I believe I might be able to persuade him if I invited both him and his girlfriend Carol down."

"What I was saying earlier didn't presume he had a girlfriend; but she would be welcome."

"Well he does have a girlfriend and I believe it's more than a casual friendship."

"Was he talking marriage?"

"Yes, but only as a future possibility. I think he wants to get his degree first. He's in the Individual Ready Reserves, sometimes called the inactive reserves."

"Is she the one?"

"I'm pretty sure she is."

"And his degree goal is a PhD in History?"

"Yes, with an emphasis on military history."

"He should have gone to a service academy."

"He was happy being a grunt. He waited until he had his Bachelor's in History before enlisting. He turned down OCS. He said he just wanted to serve his four and go back to

college and get his PhD. If he's really good, he might be able to teach at a military academy."

The news blackout ended when North Korean troops crossed the DMZ. Our forces from Iraq hadn't reached South Korea by the time that happened. Some suspected that China had used satellites to monitor our troops' movements and had notified the North that American military forces would be arriving rather soon.

It started as a pitched battle between the North and South with American forces being initially held back. When they were released, China entered the picture in support of the North. The battle seesawed between Seoul and Pyongyang. Their tanks were good, ours better. As is always the case, there is superiority in numbers. Like the M-4 Sherman and the T-34s weren't as good as the German tanks. The Germans lost because their opponents had superior numbers. No modern tank will stand up to something like a TOW missile and they had their version.

On the other hand, we had Apaches, causing the battle to ebb and flow. One thing was certain, as many times as troops had crossed the DMZ, there weren't any mines left. Our ships continued to pick up troops from Iraq and move them to South Korea and the lines were pushed north. In Iraq, the Sunni and Shi'a were at it, again. Iran was using the cover of the resumption of hostilities in Korea as a distraction so Persia could threaten Israel. China became silent at the UN and their ambassador returned to China for *consultations*. A rat abandoning a sinking ship?

"Cass, China is pulling out. I think it is past time to get Dave and his girlfriend down here."

"He won't come without her and she won't come without her parents."

"Grandparents, too?"

"Apparently not."

"We have the room, call him and tell them to shake a leg. If her family has any firearms or ammunition, they should bring them and whatever food they can haul."

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"Well?"

"They should be here in four hours or less. They aren't preppers according to Dave, but Carol's mom keeps a good pantry."

"What about firearms?"



“Her dad is involved in Single Action Shooting. He has a rifle, shotgun and revolver. He must have been in Vietnam.”

“Why do you say that?”

“He has an M1911 and an M1A.”

“Any idea which model?”

“Dave didn’t know. What’s the difference?”

“The original rifle had 4 grooves with 1:12 twist. More recently, Springfield Armory is making rifles with 6 grooves and a 1:11 twist. The Loaded has the same twist in a medium weight air gauged match barrel with other match features. The one I have, the Super Match, is the same rifle as the M21 with a different stock; it has 1:10 twist for heavier bullets.”

“Anyway, I want to tidy up. I wouldn’t want to make a bad impression.”

“What you missed a dust mite?”

They must have hurried; they made it in 3½ hours pulling a trailer. Carol had understated the amount of food her mom had in the pantry and stored in the basement, it was closer to a 6 week supply. What frozen meat they had was in a 105 quart cooler with a block of dry ice. Her dad had a Colt SAA with 5½” barrel, a Winchester 94 in the same .45 Colt and a coach gun with external hammers. The M1911 had been his father’s and the M1A was his, the Loaded model, the same as two of ours. His magazines were T-57s, but he said he’d never had a problem with them. He didn’t have a scope or bipod.

Cass had pulled a beef roast from the freezer and started it in the oven. Then she prepared onions, carrots and potatoes, adding them as soon as they were ready. From the smell of things, the roast was about done. Carol and her mom, Sandy, helped with the roast and set the table. Cass was making gravy using the juices from the roast.

Ralph and I were comparing our Vietnam experience. I had been there on the front end, ’65-’66, he near the back end, ’71-’72. He had something to do with MACV-SOG, declining to go into it.

“What do you make of this problem in Korea?”

“Problem? Glen, it’s more than a problem, have you considered what China will do if we whip them?”

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 6

“Cass and I discussed the possibility of a nuclear war.”

“So, you do know?”

“Yes, we considered it, but China would be irrational to try that.”

“They’re Orientals and have a different thought process than we Occidentals. If they killed 100 million, we’d lose one third of our population; if we killed the same number of Chinese, it would be a drop in the bucket.”

“Cass asked if I thought China would get in a nuclear war and I told her not likely.”

“Russia has been silent, would they join China?”

“They might attack both China and the US. It might rest on where they saw an advantage.”

“Well, we appreciate the offer to use your shelter. I was working on a shelter in our basement, filling sandbags and what not. I was worried about not having some way to filter the air.”

“I suppose a series of furnace filters could be used if you had a way to draw in the air through several layers. I actually have two filters from American Safe Rooms, Inc.”

“A spare?”

“No, one serves up 10 persons and the shelter can house 14. At the time, money wasn’t a problem.”

“Dave mentioned an accident, but didn’t have details.”

“I got a broken back and bruised spinal cord. Ended up crippled, but got a nice settlement. Over time, I was able to pretty much get past the remaining damage to my spinal cord. Still acts up, but rarely.”

“Dinner is ready.”

“That’s the door to a bathroom where you can wash up.”

After dinner, Ralph and I continued to visit.

“Are you sleeping in the shelter?”

“Not at the moment, this dome is made of 12” of reinforced special concrete covered by 3 feet of earth. It’s a shelter unto itself.”

“No windows, I noticed.”

“It just has shutters on the front and rear doors. They’re custom made by a shutter manufacturer from 1 inch road plate; normal shutters are made of  $\frac{3}{8}$ ” aluminum. As far as sleeping arrangements, we have a guestroom on this floor and 3 more bedrooms on the second floor that share one bath. Mind if we check the news?”

“That would be great.”

*American and South Korea forces continue to advance. At the moment, the North and Chinese have been pushed back to nearly the Yalu River. The North calls the Yalu the Amnok. Fears have been expressed that China would react poorly to being pushed back across the river in light of China’s warning that an invasion of its territory would be dealt with harshly. Undisclosed sources confirm that the country is at DEFCON 3 while forces on the Korean Peninsula are at DEFCON 2.*

*Also confirmed is the transfer of the 82<sup>nd</sup> Airborne to Korea and withdrawal of American forces and equipment from Iraq for transfer directly to Korea. It is only the additional buildup of American forces in recent days that turned the tide and put the North Korean and Chinese troops on the defensive.*

*American forces reportedly have located and secured North Korea’s nuclear weapons and removed them from the Peninsula. Captured missiles have reportedly been destroyed in place.*

*China’s latest missile is the DF41A, a solid fueled missile with an estimated range of 13,500 kilometers and equipped with 6 100kT warheads. It is unknown how many of the missiles China possesses. In addition to the ICBMs, China has two SSBNs equipped with JL-2 missiles with an estimated range of 8,000 kilometers. The reports on the JL-2 warheads suggest either, 3, 4 or 6 90kT warheads or a single warhead ranging from 250kT to 1mT. We’ll be back after a word from our sponsor.*

“It’s that MacArthur situation all over again.”

“Harry Truman fired MacArthur. Besides, it takes two to release nuclear weapons.”

“I wonder what is happening.”

“I’d put my two cents on NCA issuing targeting coordinates, just in case. That would cut the launch time down on the Minuteman missiles to about 2 minutes. Probably doing the same with the Tridents, but, I think they might save them for as second and possibly a third wave if needed. They aren’t hard targets so it would be easier for someone to target the Minuteman launch silos.”

“Why bother? As soon as NORAD declared an Air Defense Emergency, NCA will launch and the missiles will be halfway there by the time their missiles get here.”

“I’ve thought of that. If they don’t hit military targets, you know what that means.”

“Population centers, industrial centers and the like.”

“Right and most industrial centers are population centers,” I observed.

“We should probably get some sleep.”

“Ralph, there is a NWS radio on your night stand, be sure to turn it on. We’ll unload the remainder of your things in the morning.”

“Sorry that we didn’t have a lot of meat, we don’t have a freezer.”

“Not a problem, we have a full freezer with what you brought.”

Ralph was a mason by trade. I commented that I’d sure like a concrete block building to house the horses. We went to Springfield and got the block plus mortar, concrete, rebar and a garage door. In three days, we had a small concrete block barn, with reinforced block that were filled with concrete. The next day, we built a roof and on the following day, installed the garage door. Since horses like to eat a little hay all day, we rigged a sloped hayrack that would hold 3 bales at a time.

A half loft held more hay and would protect it from the elements. We also fashioned a large box to hold the grain mix and ran a water line to a tank with a float. While it was less than ideal, it would afford the geldings some protection. Ralph and Sandy began discussing returning home.

“Give it another day, Ralph. I’m hoping we have a better idea by then. If you do go, know that you will always have a place in our shelter. I really appreciate getting that barn up.”

“That door won’t offer much protection.”

“I’ve thought about that. I’m thinking about stacking 3 layers of hay or straw on the outside, leaving just a small gap to get the horses in and out. I’d stack the bales for the gap right next to the gap and cover the hay with plastic or a tarp.”

“I don’t know how much protection the hay would provide, but more than you have.”

“I picked this spot because it appeared to not be downwind of potential targets.”

“You’re less than 200 miles from Tulsa, straight line.”

“True, but I figured Oklahoma City or Tinker. We’re GMT minus 6 and Beijing is GMT plus 8, a difference of 14 hours. Assuming they’d launched an attack around 6am, it would hit us 14 hours earlier or about 4pm the previous day. I sort of figured we’d have up to 20 hours or more before we were hit with fallout. That would be more than enough time to protect the horses and move things to the shelter. Add 30 minutes for time in flight and the attack would occur around 4:30.”

“So, if we went home, we should be able to get here in that time. We have jobs to get back to. We’ll give you the day, but then, we have to go.”

“Fair enough. How about giving me a lesson on fast draw with that Colt of yours.”

“The single action?”

“Yes, I have a pair of Colts, but I can’t seem to get the fast draw down.”

“What do you have for leather?”

“The Laredoan crossdraw from Kirkpatrick Leather Co.”

“Nice. How long are the barrels?”

“4¾” and 7½”.

“Well, that’s part of it. You aren’t tall like James Arness at 6’ 6 or even Richard Boone at 6’ 1. You should have a 5½” barrel.”

“Cass has the one with the 5½” barrel.”

“And you’re both close to the same height; you’re what 5’ 9 and she’s about 5’ 6?”

“Close enough.”

“Get a second revolver with a 5½” barrel and a replacement holster. Meanwhile, limit your fast draw practice to the belly gun. By the time the gun clears the holster, it should be cocked. After that, if you need more shots, fan the hammer while holding down the trigger.”

“What’s a good time?”

“Oh, 0.25 seconds.”

“Ok, get a new holster and a 5½” gun. That’s it?”

“No, then you can start. Fast draw doesn’t give you time to align your sights. First learn to shoot the gun with the sights and next learn to shoot it instinctively. Once you have those skills mastered, you can start in on your fast draw. It takes time, a lot of time.

“One of the few face to face shootouts happened not far from here in Springfield between Davis Tutt and Wild Bill Hickok. Tutt’s draw was faster but Hickok’s was accurate and he killed Tutt at a range of 75 yards. That’s why I said accuracy over speed. It’s probably all academic, with modern pistols and such.”

“Now that’s hard to say. Both the .45 Colt and .45-70 can be loaded with black powder. Eventually we might be down to doing that if we did have a global thermonuclear war. Industry would be wiped out and there’d be no more ammunition being manufactured and probably no more primers. I got inexpensive reloading equipment for every caliber firearm I have. I also have a large supply of primers and large supply of smokeless powders. The equipment is all the Lee stuff, not the expensive Dillon Precision. I have a bunch of actual black powder and was that hard to get. These days, about all you can find are the substitutes like Pyrodex.”

“If you do decide to buy the revolver and the matching holster, you’d better be quick. Have them ship the holster FedEx and get the gun bought immediately.”

“I’ll call Kirkpatrick and then head to Springfield. Want to ride along?”

“Since we’re staying one more day, sure, why not?”

“What did Kirkpatrick say?”

“They had it in stock and will overnight it today.”

“Most of the big leather companies have holsters for 5½” barrels in stock.”

The gun dealer in Springfield had a new 5½” Colt in stock. It was marked used, but he claimed it had never been fired. Since ’98 when the NCIS came online, you got the gun as soon as the FBI cleared you. I went home much poorer that day. Apparently the previous owner had bought the revolver thinking about getting into Single Action Shooting but had been severely injured in an auto accident when he was driving under the influence. His wife sold the gun back to the dealer and although never used, it was classified as used. I only save a couple of hundred, but a buck is a buck.

I spent the money anyway, buying 500 rounds of Winchester .45 Colt 250gr Cowboy loads and another 200 rounds of .45-70 Government 300gr Super X JHP. The next day Ralph and Sandy packed their things and after a discussion with Cass, Dave and Carol did too. FedEx brought the holster and I set it aside to take care of later. Maybe the 7½” barrel was too long, I’m not sure. What I am sure of is that my instinctive shooting was better with the longer barrel.

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 7

Around 3:30, the NWS radio came up with a warning. Air Defense Emergency and it wasn't a drill. We knew what and when and we were only missing who. They'd left their food in the freezer because it wasn't much and they couldn't get dry ice. We'd eaten up the fresh food and they hauled the contents of their pantry and basement back home. Dave had his NWS radio with him and it was on when they left. I figured we'd see them back in about 2½ hours.

First we moved things to the shelter. Next, the gun safe was emptied and the contents along with my new Colt and the holster moved downstairs. Cass helped with the horses, getting them into the barn while I started moving the bales of hay and covering the whole pile with a sheet of plastic, anchored top and bottom. I used extra hay to create a 90° bend so I could get in without disturbing the stacked hay. I wasn't sure it would work, but it was all I could do, we didn't have any earth moving equipment.

They showed up not long after that with Dave driving. I looked at my watch, and it was just two hours since the warning. It was still daylight and I hadn't noticed any detonations, which is not to say they hadn't happened. Our B-2s were on Guam and our remaining B-52s in Japan, according to the news the night before. I knew that something had hit somewhere because my NWS radio squealed and died. Ralph's old beater International Harvester Travelall pickup was running pretty rough, but running.

We helped them get their things to the shelter and locked up tight. I pulled the various meters from the cabinet and connected them to the correct leads. I left all of the radios in the cabinet, for now. Ralph leaned his guns against my gun safe and said I could put them away when I had a chance to unlock it.

"Ralph, I know it's a Fort Knox gun safe, but I don't store guns in it. There's a rack on the wall near the blast door."

"If it's not a gun safe...oh Fort Knox, you say."

"Yeah, I store the same thing in there that they do at the Fort."

"What are the two of you talking about?" Sally asked.

"Why does the US government store at Fort Knox?"

"Oh."

"Don't worry, I brought ours when we came here the first time and it's still in the suitcase."

"Well, I knew you brought all of your guns and ammo so I guess I should have expected you brought those old dimes, quarters and halves."

“And those 12 Krugerrands you didn’t know about. I bought them when Carol was just out of diapers. I forgot to ask, did you get the horses under cover?”

“Yes, thank you. Maybe they’ll have a chance. If they hit either Oklahoma City or Wichita we’ll know depending on when the radiation arrives, the wind direction and speed. Dave, how fast were you driving, it’s about 225 miles from Columbia to Cedar Creek (the nearest town)?”

“I’m not sure; I was pretending I was driving an SR-71. We hadn’t gotten to Columbia yet. We stopped a couple of times on the way up. We didn’t stop on the way back.”

If you were to extend a line from Cedar Creek south to Sycamore, we’re on the north side of the loop where Bull Shoals Lake loops back into Missouri. It’s a long way from Kansas City or St. Louis. The route to US 65 is filled with switchbacks and a lot of small towns. Thinking back, Cass had quite the drive to come down every night. She had to take 76 to 160 to Cedar Creek and a few more miles to the lake. On the other hand, I paid travel time so she was paid from work until she got home. I wouldn’t mind working a deal like that for myself.

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Cass was sitting at the table holding the CD V-717 and the AMP-200. I walked up behind her and rested my hands on her shoulders. She snuggled back at the touch and I used my hands to knead the kinks out.

“Has it peaked yet?”

“No, but it’s climbing. From the wind direction and speed, it looks like Oklahoma City.”

“We shouldn’t get 100R if that’s the case. The rule kicks in at the time of detonation and Oklahoma City is about 290 miles line of sight. What’s the wind speed?”

“It’s averaging about 15 miles per hour.”

“We should reach peak around 19½ hours after detonation at that speed. That would be 16 plus 19½ minus 24 or around 11:20 this morning. It’s easier using military time.”

“Are you staying up?”

“Yes, why don’t you get some sleep? Sally or Carol and fix something if Dave or Ralph is hungry. And if the ladies don’t get up, I’ll show them where the cereal is.”

“I’ll make a fresh pot of coffee before I turn in.”

“I already started one.”



“Ok, good-night.”

“Good-night.”

It was about 4am, a bit early to be getting radiation from Oklahoma City, but maybe there were wind gusts. If the radiation remained relatively low, I might be able to add a bale of hay and a bait of grain for the horses. Once the rate of change got high enough, I wouldn't be going out. If it were rising at the rate of 1R/hr, I'd risk it. If it was 50R/hr, I wouldn't. You only have a limited exposure for 120 days, on average, a max of 300R. While there are documented cases of exposures of 7Gy or 700R and the guy lived; his wife got a lower dose of 5.7Gy or 570R and died. I don't recall which page on Wiki that was, but I'm sure Wiki is probably history. I think it was mentioned in the Radiation poisoning page.

The time was, at best, a guess and depended on too many things to permit an accurate time estimate. Assuming a 3000R level at the blast site we'd be out fulltime in less than 5 months, whereas basing it on the peak level we received; we could leave in 14 days. That's why the three meters. The 715 and 717 had a maximum range of 500R but you couldn't count on the lower and upper portion of the ranges. Both the 700 and the AMP 200 were Geiger counters and inherently more accurate. I took the cautious approach and plugged in 3000R. If the readings didn't conform, I could change the peak level until they did.

Around 6am, I heard someone shuffle to the bathroom, the stool flush and shuffle to the coffee pot. It was Ralph and he asked about fallout.

“Still going up. Should start going down around noon. Cereal is in the cupboard to the right of the stove. Milk is in the fridge. Best get your share, when it's gone we'll be using instant powdered milk.

“What now?”

“I thought about checking the horses but the radiation is climbing too fast. Probably won't risk a trip until after about 50 hours. The radiation should be down 99%.”

“Did you memorize this stuff?”

“Sort of. It's called the seven ten rule. For every 7<sup>th</sup> time span the radiation drops 90%. Example, at 7 hours it is down to 10 percent, at 7 times 7, or 49, down to 1% and at 7 times 49 or 373 hours, it's down to one tenth percent. Maximum exposure to avoid radiation poisoning is 300R in 120 days, which is 2½R per day or 104mR per hour. Those levels are maximums and it's more complex than that, but you get the general idea. Young kids or adults in the child rearing age shouldn't be allowed to reach the maximum due to the effects to their bodies and the possibility of acquiring cancer. That's why most authors recommend only letting older people out at the max level.

"I mentioned mR per hour. Since dosage is a function of level and time of exposure, one can go outside at higher levels if the time is limited. If it's 500mR per hour, spending 30 minutes tending to the livestock would only give you a dose of 250mR, one tenth of the allowable daily dosage."

"You seem so prepared. Does your equipment include gas masks and such?"

"Yes it does. Approved Gas Masks must have had a heart attack when they got my order. I ordered 6 each Tyvek suits, pairs of gloves, boots, and the Millennium gas masks with 3 filters each. Didn't know at the time whether it might be radiation, chemical or biological attack so I have Mark I NAAKs and injectable diazepam, an anticonvulsant. I also have Tamiflu and some other anti-virals and antibiotics."

"How are you fixed on 7.62x51mm?"

"You'll never run out. The same goes for the .45ACP. I'm not as good on the .45 Colt or .45-70."

"Twelve gauge?"

"Slugs, 00, #4, assorted hunting loads and flechettes. I kind of over bought some things. I have a pure-D sniper's rifle, a Super Match, with an expensive laser ranging scope and bullet drop compensator plus the suppressor and subsonic 180gr ammo."

"Wow."

"That's sort of what I said when they added up the totals on some of my gun and ammo purchases. The most expensive is the Barrett M82A1M with the Schmidt Bender scope. I have things that would get me locked up in the Super Max in Florence if they came to light."

"If this was an all-out attack, I don't think that will matter much."

"I hope not. All of this started in basic training when I was issued the M14. My love affair coupled with the settlement from the accident made it possible. Part of it was timing; I bought when the items first became available."

"If you have a Fort Knox gun safe to hold your precious metals, I assume you have quite a bit. Hey, I'm not asking how much."

"Quite a bit would be a good description. Like I told Cass, 70 pounds of gold and a her-nia worth of silver coins. This safe has all shelves and extra fire protection. The one in the master bedroom has extra fire protection and room for both long arms and shelves for handguns. They were expensive but considering what I have tied up in firearms, probably a bargain."

“If the dome home is as radiation resistant as you said, why did you build a shelter underneath?”

“I had the money and it seemed like a good idea at the time. On top of that, even if someone managed to defeat the shutters, I doubt they’d look at the hall closet floor as a shelter entrance. I think I should have added an elevator, but never did.”

“I’ll have to agree, I didn’t realize the closet floor was the shelter entrance. I did think it odd that the closet was 48” deep because a standard closet is 30” deep.”

“Ralph, you’re the first person to pick up on that. While we’re down here, those screen door hooks keep the floor from being raised so there is no reason for anyone to look further. I did my best to plan for the worst. Well, the radiation is dropping. I’d say it topped out at 100R or close.”

“Then we won’t be here long.”

“I didn’t say that. The 7/10 rule applied from the time of detonation. Taking the distance, time and so forth into consideration, it appears that the radiation level at the blast site was 1,000R. We’ll be down here for about 100 days.”

“One Hundred days! Are you sure?”

“We have the meters and can track the decay. We can get out tending to the horses and may rotate that so no one gets much of a dose. You’ll get your chance. So will Cass and Sandy. I’m not sure we want to let Dave and Carol out.”

“Why not?”

“They’re young and will live longer so there’s the risk of cancer and the risk to their reproductive ability.”

“I’m not so sure about the subject of reproductive ability.”

“Oh, I had the impression from Cass that he was thinking of asking her to marry him.”

“That’s different. Do you think we can find a minister?”

“No it’s me that’s not sure. If we couldn’t, could they just say vows and have a common law marriage until we find a minister or judge?”

“It wouldn’t be my first choice, but ok if Sandy agrees.”

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 8

With the radiation in single digits, we were able to go out briefly to tend to the two horses. They seemed to be doing well at the moment. And, at the moment, we were locked into the shelter and there wouldn't be any hanky panky. That changed when Ralph and Sandy took one of the bunk rooms and shifted Dave and Carol to the other. Ralph had a long talk with Dave and Dave seemed happy when the discussion ended. I noticed that Sandy had pigeon holed Carol for a seemingly similar discussion. A package changed hands from Sandy to Carol followed with an admonishment I couldn't make out. I did hear Carol's reply, "I have my own."

If it was something Dave deemed we should know, he'd tell Cass. When she didn't elaborate, I asked.

"So we have a new sleeping arrangement?"

"Yes and no. Apparently Dave and Carol had a relationship already. She was on birth control and when Ralph and Sandy decided they needed time together, Ralph spoke to Dave and Sandy to Carol. That's when Sandy found out about the relationship. She was less than a happy camper, but she and Ralph conceded so long as there was no pregnancy until they were married."

"Did you know?"

"Not actually, but I suspected."

"I didn't have a clue, it was never brought up."

"Why am I not surprised?"

I had read about the Chernobyl disaster on Wiki. With respect to livestock, I found a mention of horses on an island that had absorbed radiation into their thyroids. We had both KI and  $KIO_3$ , so I factored in the weight of the horses and fed them KI. Their feed was clean, coming from only within the concrete block barn. They didn't like being cooped up for 100 days, but it was that or let them die.

They probably didn't need the KI, but why take a chance? The dosage was, at best, a guess but most drugs are dispensed on the basis of mass. The child dose of KI was half the adult dose of KI. I snuck the pills into the bait of grain I fed each horse every time one of us went out. Dave was excluded and it was Ralph and Sally, Cass and me.

How, you might ask, did I spend my 100 days in the shelter? Simple, practicing my fast draw, first with the 5½" and later with the 7½". Switching those holsters was a real pain in the butt. But I had the plastic bullets so I could cock and fire the revolver. I wasn't as fast as Ralph, but he said I was faster than most my age.

One day Dave asked, "Who attacked the US?"

"It doesn't matter who attacked."

"Why not?"

"Because Dave, we gave as good as we got. That was always the plan from the beginning of the Cold War, give as good as we got. The entire purpose of the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line was advanced warning so we could respond to an attack. They later came up with the North Warning System using phased array radar. The only thing we didn't have was an effective ABM system. It's moot because I'm sure we were hit by more missiles than we had interceptors. I doubt the full ABM system would have been up by 2020."

"When did they stop the B-52 flights?"

"In 1991, B-52s ceased continuous 24-hour SAC alert duty. The last I knew, the B-52s were in Japan and the B-2s were on Guam. I don't know about the B-1Bs, but they had been retrofitted for conventional weapons only. If I had to speculate, I'd suggest that all of the B-1Bs were airborne as were our air tankers. That would at least allow them to get somewhere that hadn't been hit, perhaps Groom Lake, Roger's Lake or Rosamond Lake."

"Dry lakebeds?"

"I'd hate to try to land on water with a B-1B."

"What you're saying is that we have a military presence."

"Unless whoever attacked us attacked Japan and Guam plus wherever the B-1Bs landed, yes. Perhaps some of our ships were caught in port; it's just as likely that they were out of port before any launches took place. I don't know the status of our various submarines, we usually have half the boomers on patrol, but with a hot war in Korea, maybe they sent them all to sea. The real limitation is the rations they carry and an under-way replenishment could solve that problem for a while."

"When are you going to hook up the ham radios?"

"I guess this is as good a time as any. Any ionization in the atmosphere is long gone and people should be on their radios."

"How much longer?"

"Forty days until we reach 100mR. But since Carol and you will want to have children, you will have to stay down here an extra 80 days."

“That’s not fair.”

“Life isn’t fair. You’re a history major, you should know that.”

“What am I going to do for 120 days to keep my sanity?”

“You have your father’s H&K rifles, clean them and all of whatever other guns you have.”

“How long does it take to clean four rifles, a shotgun and an M1911?”

“You clean them until they are clean and properly lubricated. Your life, and perhaps Carol’s, will depend on them functioning first time, every time. Don’t worry about ammo, I got a bit carried away buying that South African surplus. Do you have enough magazines?”

“Twenty-one per rifle, 20-round magazines. The genuine article, not some aftermarket crap.”

“Will Carol take one of the rifles, or does she need a firearm?”

“What do you have?”

“A spare M1A Loaded.”

“Same cartridge, she’ll go with the H&K so we can swap magazines. I don’t have a handgun for her.”

“We’ll find something.”

“Ok, thanks.”

I suppose that it’s a simple fact of life that after an event like this, some people will salvage or scavenge. The words have slightly different meanings, not that it matters. Since we were short of pistols, which might be a good place to start. Best choice would be 9mm or .45ACP, anything designed by John Moses Browning. Nearly the same design, they were like a Timex, they kept ticking. Our supply of 9mm was large and our supply of .45ACP was larger. To round things out, a few more Marlins, SAA regardless of who made them and some leather and everyone would be set. If necessary, we could make rifle scabbards and hunt down more horses, giving everyone at least one and add a couple for the surrey.

The old style arms had one advantage; most people wouldn’t expect to run up against them. And they could use black powder. While our Winchester ammo for the Marlins was 300gr compared to the original 405 grain bullet, we could cast our own 405gr lead slugs and follow the instructions in one of our reloading books.

We could add SAA revolvers and additional Marlins if we could find them. There were second on my list, first was securing a long term supply of fuel and stabilizers. Once that was out of the way, we'd go shopping for firearms including picking up something for any children that might come along. Not having any 5.56x45mm ammo might prove troubling, but since the military used it, it was out there, somewhere, at the National Guard supply points.

As far as the dome went, it could house everyone here for an indefinite period, including children of each gender, considering the 3 bedrooms on the second floor. Somehow I'd managed to do things right, long before I'd met Cass or knew Dave. Maybe I should add checking out some drug stores to the list, feminine hygiene supplies, more antibiotics and plus birth control for Sally. At her age, a baby had a high chance of Down's. My EMT-B training and the other courses I'd taken didn't cover delivering babies. I hadn't wanted to devote the time the Paramedic certification would have required nor work the field because I was on disability.

Even before it was time to leave the shelter, we were living in the dome and the CD V-700 didn't show more than normal background radiation. Ralph and I strung some new wire to create a small dry lot for the two horses before we let them out. I wanted to use the fire pump and water from the lake to wash down the rest of the two acres before we let the horses have full access.

That fire pump had been a late acquisition, purchased after the garage was built. It had two of those heavy rigid hoses to draw water from the lake to the diesel powered pump and two 1½" lines that could reach from the pump to the garage and beyond. By capping one outlet we'd have twice the length of hose and could reach anywhere on the property. I'd never really figured it would be used to wash radiation from the ground and from there into Bull Shoals. Unlike fire trucks that could pump 1,500gpm, this pump was modest at 500gpm.

As far as firewood was concerned, we could selectively harvest, taking down one in three of the Hickory trees and replant three nuts for every tree we cut. Once out and moving around, Ralph and I headed to Branson, cash and silver in hand to buy a replacement set of ignition parts, points, condenser, coil and distributor cap plus some oil and filters. On the way we'd check my fuel distributor and start looking for additional stabilizers. I had two full sets of parts for my pickup and Cass's car.

There was no one at the parts store and it wasn't locked. Using the catalogs on the counter, we identified parts for the Travelall, including plugs and new plug wires. We took two sets. I got another set of everything for Cass and what I could for my pickup, filters and oil. The injectors were dealer only, but had low mileage. We loaded up on oil and filters, counted out the value in FRN's and left it in the open cash register drawer.

The next stop was the fuel distributor where we found a delivery truck with a load of gas, another with diesel and a third with a mixed load. We took the truck with the mixed

load. I had enough stabilizers for the moment. That distributor was in Springfield anyway. We'd have to go to Springfield soon for the stabilizers, firearms and ammunition and the medical supplies.

Dave was a crackerjack mechanic on older cars and we let him out long enough to do the tune up on the Travelall after Ralph and I installed the new parts. It was basically setting the timing. Ran like new, or close to. The old plugs should have been changed a year earlier and the points were shot.

Ralph found out what he needed to know from Sally and had it written down to make sure he got the right pills. Two days later, we risked Dave again and dropped him off at the fuel distributor to drive the diesel fuel home. On the way home, either Ralph or I would drive the gas truck back.

As nearly as we could tell, Springfield boasted 6 gun stores. They had a lot of AR-15s, but I wouldn't have one. We got Colt and clones of the M1911, Browning Hi-Powers, extra magazines for both, Chip McCormick magazines in the case of the 1911 and some Mini-14s with 20 round magazines. One dealer even had two AC-556s, probably for a police department or Sheriff's office. Police style shotguns were in abundance, 590s, 590A1s, 870s and 11-87s. There were plenty of the cowboy guns and holsters but no scabbards.

With 6 gun stores to choose from, we got all the ammo, powder and primers we could ever use. There were survivors in Springfield although it didn't become apparent until we hit the newer Sam's Club. Springfield didn't have any Costco stores; they were generally limited to the Kansas City and St. Louis areas. We hit some extra drug stores and our last stop was the PRI distributor. We got 2 drums of D and all the cases he had of D and G. I thought that I'd read about PRI-Flow in a story but didn't see any so we got what anti-gel he had.

We stopped on the way back and Ralph drove the gasoline delivery truck back. My uses of gasoline were limited to Cass's car, the motor on the Ranger boat and my chainsaws. I already had lots of chainsaw oil, both types, and extra chains plus a sharpening file. Now, we had an extra gasoline vehicle. Dave wanted to get back to Columbia and pick up both his and Carol's vehicles. He also wanted to know if we could get radios for all of the vehicles, at least CM-300s.

"Dave, we can get CB radios, CM-300s and CP-200s. I don't know about ham radios for the vehicles. Any place with an HRO or AES outlet was probably a target. We'll look around, but you may have to settle for used."

"If they work, what's wrong with used? I notice that the two of you did well in the firearms department. I'll see if Carol can handle the M1911, but if she can't, we can go with the Hi-Power and if the HK91 is too much, one of those Rugers."



## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 9

“You do understand why your mother and I don’t want you out for any extended period of time, do you not?”

“I do, but that doesn’t mean I have to like it. Think you can get more horses?”

“Ralph and I can check the breeder. If he and the horses survived, we’ll get them. I can pay in gold if necessary. We’ll need bridles, saddles, saddle bags, scabbards and lariats if we can get them.”

We waited until the following Monday. The breeder had survived, as did his horses. He was willing to talk about selling some; no FRNs, gold on the barrel head. Each gelding was 1 ounce of gold, a mare was 2 ounces and a stallion was 4 ounces. If we met his price, he’d throw in harnesses, saddles, bridles, etc. I bought 4 geldings, 3 mares and 1 stallion. His other stallion would breed our mares for ½ ounce of gold, if we wanted.

I thought it was a good deal, 8 horses for \$2,160, my cost. The value to the breeder was more on the order of \$12,000. We were able to get hay by hauling it and the same with the horse mix from the elevator. I don’t know how it differed from cattle feed, probably more oats. I know it contained oats, corn and cracked barley and in volume, probably in the order with oats being the major component.

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Finally 180 days arrived and the CD V-700 showed a radiation level of under 50mR. The couple was allowed to leave the dome for the first time on a permanent basis. We would continue to inhabit the dome for the foreseeable future. Ralph and Sally had learned to ride and as soon as they were allowed out of the dome, Dave took Carol out to determine which guns she would be carrying. It turned out to be the Mini-14 and Browning Hi-Power plus a .357 magnum loaded with .38 specials and a Winchester 94 in .357 magnum shooting .357 magnum cartridges.

When he started to nag about going to Columbia, I took him to a used car lot in Branson and told him to pick out two vehicles. He didn’t see any he liked, so we tried Springfield. I tried to make him understand that both of their late model gasoline engines wouldn’t run because of fried computers. He wouldn’t be persuaded. Ralph and I took Dave and Carol to Columbia, a rather long trip under the circumstances.

Their vehicles wouldn’t start but they did pick up the rest of their clothes. We decided to check Fort Leonard Wood for ammo, but there were guards at the gate. On the way back to Springfield we checked used car lots and eventually found another IH Travelall and Jeep with a diesel conversion. The Travelall was in better shape than Ralph’s and ran just fine. That was to be Carol’s vehicle. The Jeep Wrangler had been converted using a pre-electronic boxed Cummins 4BT diesel and had a stick shift on the floor for a manual transmission plus Warn Hubs.

Every time we saw a gun store in the small town on the way back, we shopped. We only took ammo and paid with it with FRNs. We arrived back very late, around 11pm. Cass said we'd missed the announcement.

"Obama was on the NWS radio. He said that enough of the government survived to organize a recovery effort. All available National Guard units and military forces are being mobilized. He went on to say that hoarding wouldn't be permitted and an Executive Order had been issued banning firearms except in the hands of police or the military."

"Then the war isn't over, the nuclear attack was just the first stage."

"What do you mean?"

"Who do you think survived? It has to be either liberals in big cities or conservatives who had prepared as we did."

"Probably conservatives who prepared as we did."

"I tend to agree," Ralph added with Sally nodding her head.

"We have a lot of food in the shelter, are you prepared to give it up?"

"No...but we should help others less fortunate than we are."

"We can sell or barter any extra we produce. Does that sound fair?"

"Yeah," Ralph said, "It's the American way."

"Well...ok, that seems fair. What about the firearms?"

"I'm inclined to carry, very discretely. We have the permits, so why not?"

"I'm worried about that Glen. He said something about relocation camps."

"We're pretty far off the beaten path here. Maybe we should get an extra load of propane and a couple of diesel tankers and do our best to fall off the face of the earth."

"What about staples?"

"We have a lot. We'll look for more and can get some at the grain elevator. The big thing would be rice, but they grow a lot of it in Arkansas. We can grow beans, remember when you were in grade school and took a bean from a bag and grew it in class?"

"Hey, I remember that!" Ralph smiled.

“And your teacher just bought a one pound bag of beans at the grocery store, probably large white beans. I’d assume that beans we have are probably a bush bean for ease of harvest. So we can go to Arkansas for rice and grow our own beans. We should be able to find some wheat, maybe in Kansas or Oklahoma before the troops show up and confiscate everything. A ton of wheat would last a long time and wouldn’t cost that much.”

“But,” Dave cautioned, “The trick will be to avoid the roadblocks.”

“We should be doing it now, before the troops get organized,” Ralph suggested.

“There are troops already?”

“Cass, we were going to stop at Fort Leonard Wood but there were troops guarding the gate.”

“Best get a move on. Dave can go south for rice, you can go west for wheat and we’ll start planting beans.”

“Ok Cass, we’ll leave at oh dark thirty. Dave come to the basement and get some gold and silver. Cass you have to make sure that Carol is up to speed on her firearms. If any troops show up here, close the shutters and get in the shelter. Remember to use the hooks to secure the closet floor.”

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We didn’t have to go that far to find wheat. We took the pickup without the topper and pulled the trailer. The farmer had an auger and filled first the trailer and then the bed of the pickup. Had I known about the auger, I would have left the topper on. The auger had a set volume rate and the guy timed the loading and set his price accordingly. He offered side boards for the pickup so we could overload it and I took him up on it. I still got by cheap, silver, not gold.

Dave made his way south to Arkansas and needed to go no further than Fayetteville where he found processed rice and rice seed. He bought a trailer and pickup load of processed rice and topped the pickup load with bags of rice seed. Everyone was home before midnight. On our way back, we’d found a diesel tanker, and Ralph drove it home, adding 16,000 gallons to our supply. Dave said he saw two tankers on the way to Fayetteville and suggested we go the next day get them, they were full.

These tankers were also double tankers, but had 9,000 gallon tanks, bringing our supply of tanker diesel to 52,000 gallons. We treated every drop with PRI-D. The following day, we went hunting for Hickory trees, felling several. Our wives and Carol were bagging the wheat and rice into gunny sacks. We brought back limbs and did our best to try and camouflage the tankers, but that didn’t work. We cut up the limbs and added them to the firewood pile. We then made our final trip to Springfield looking this time for cam-

oufrage tarps. We found a case of twelve 10'x16' polyethylene tarps, loaded them and returned home. The tarps came from Tarpaflex in Naples, Florida.

“What’s on the agenda today?”

“Cover the fuel trailers and delivery trucks and then haul the logs back to be cut and split. I’ll take a bag of Hickory nuts to replace the trees we cut.”

“Do you want to cut them to length and load them or just load the logs?”

“Probably easier to handle if we cut them to length, Hickory is very dense. The trees aren’t far enough away that anyone should hear the chainsaws.”

“You’re a little paranoid, don’t you think?”

“Maybe, but just because you’re paranoid doesn’t...”

“I heard that one. Ok, we’ll cut them there and keep a weather eye.”

The species of tree was the Shellbark hickory (*Carya laciniosa*) which produced a nut favored by animals and humans. Shellbark hickory occasionally grows to a height of 40 meters (131 ft) and a diameter of 100 cm (39 in), but a specimen tree has been reported in Missouri with 117 cm (46.2 in) in diameter at breast height, 36.9 m (121 ft) tall, and a spread of 22.6 m (74 ft). These were old, first growth trees and huge, at least 3’ in diameter at breast height. They had been hard to drop with my chainsaw with the 36” bar.

When we returned, we started at the top of the tree, the small end, and soon had my truck and the Travelall loaded with pieces cut to length. We returned home, unloaded and had lunch. Then we returned to the trees and continued to cut them to length. This process would go on many days for Ralph and me while Dave stayed at the dome and split and stacked the firewood. The pieces were so heavy that Dave couldn’t lift them into the splitter and resorted to an engine hoist I had in the garage. I can’t even recall why I got it, but it was coming in handy. Wait, I do too remember, I used it before I got the winch for the closet but it hadn’t worked as I wanted.

After two days with the chainsaws, I decided we should take a day off and help Dave split and stack the firewood. Those logs weren’t going anywhere and I didn’t want the continuous noise to attract too much of the wrong kind of attention. It was well that we did, the Missouri National Guard had moved into Springfield and begun collecting food and firearms. Their hearts may not have been in it, but they followed orders, in the beginning.

Someone reported the sounds of chainsaws in the timber and they drove down to check it out. Carol was on lookout duty and reported a Hummer with 4 or 5 soldiers before beating feet back to the dome. We went into lockdown mode, assuming they couldn’t haul 10 horses in a Hummer. I was watching the monitor connected to the camera on

the antenna tower and they began to halter the horses and connect them with the lariats. We armed up and the three of us headed upstairs to confront those soldiers.

“I’ve got your gunner in my sights. The rest of you drop those M-4s and get your hands up.”

“Big talk!”

Kablam, the Barrett round whizzed by the gunner’s ear.

“I’ve got nine shots left and more magazines. I am not alone. At this range, you be dead meat before you can get your hands on a firearm. I’m friendly, to a point, else I’d have killed that gunner. Get your hands up right frigin how.”

“Ok, ok. Didn’t you hear the President’s announcement?”

“I didn’t hear it, but I heard about it. We have no extra food at the moment and won’t be giving up any firearms, just the bullets. One at a time.”

“But it’s a national emergency!”

“All the more reason to not give up firearms, the police are under no obligation to protect individuals.”

“But, we’re protecting citizens.”

“By putting them in internment camps? Hogwash. If you believe that crap, I’ve got some ocean front property in Arizona. From my front porch you can see the sea. Kick those carbines away. Sergeant, lift that M9 with 2 fingers and toss it. You there, gunner, out of the Hummer with your hands empty.”

“What are you going to do with us?”

“I haven’t decided, maybe bury you deep.”

“You can’t do that.”

“I most certainly can. The question is whether I should.”

“What do we do in the mean time?”

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 10

“Sit your butts down while I think.”

“Ok if we smoke?”

“I thought the military outlawed that.”

“Not yet.”

“Light ‘em if you got ‘em.”

“You were military?”

“Why would you ask that?”

“Heard that expression in boot camp.”

“As a matter of fact, ‘Nam. This other guy was there too, Special Forces.”

“Look, we’re just National Guard troops. Your grudge is with the President, not us. How about we pick up the weapons and forget about this place?”

“I’d prefer it to go that way. The question is can I trust you to do that and not come back with a Company of soldiers and who knows what else.”

“The way in here is a bunch of switchbacks, turns, small towns and God knows what else. I’m not even sure we can find our way home without the GPS.”

“If you have GPS, you can note our position and get back here.”

“Oops.”

“You saw the movie?”

“What movie?”

“Independence Day.”

“I saw that and I remember now, Will Smith and Jeff Goldblum in that alien spaceship. So take the GPS out and we’ll work our way home.”

“I know that I’m going to regret this but ok, we’ll unload your weapons pull the GPS and let you go. Don’t come back, as you should be able to see, we have an early warning system and you’ll be dead before you get here. Plus, I have some war trophies so to speak, M-72 LAWs, M67 hand grenades and Mk211MP.”

“You’re one of them.”

“One of what?”

“A survivalist.”

“I guess maybe we are, we’ve had WW III and we’re still alive.”

“We managed to get most of our troops out of Korea and over to Japan. What ships that are available are bringing home troops from Afghanistan and Iraq via Kuwait.”

“Who started it as if I don’t know?”

“China aided eventually by the Russians. Israel prevailed in the Middle East.”

“You guessing or is that a fact?”

“That’s a fact. The President seems to want to sit on information for whatever reason. When he had to, Gates and he gave the order to launch.”

“He didn’t give peace a chance?”

“Yes he did. He could have nuked North Korea with the Tomahawks, but went conventional.”

“I trust he corrected that oversight.”

“He did.”

“Stand still while we pick up your firearms.”

We picked up the firearms and kept the magazines. We also pulled the ammo belts for the M2HB they had mounted and finally, pulled the GPS. After clearing the chambers we returned their firearms, except for the M9, back to them. I gave them one final admonishment about not returning and they left. I hope I don’t live to regret the decision. I’m pretty sure Ralph would have gone the other way, but I’m not sure what Dave was thinking. It mattered not, the die was cast. We finished up splitting the firewood and called it a day. The remaining logs would be hauled back and then cut to length.

“You let them go.”

“Do you disagree?”

“I don’t know what I think. Ralph thinks we should have buried them. I think maybe I agree with your decision but I hope it doesn’t come back and bite us on the butt.”

“Ralph was MACV-SOG. It was a special command that did the dirty work in Vietnam. It was a highly classified, multi-service US special operations unit which conducted covert unconventional warfare operations prior to and during the Vietnam War. Established on 24Jun54, the unit conducted strategic reconnaissance missions in Republic of Vietnam or South Vietnam, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam or North Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia; carried out the capture of enemy prisoners, rescued downed pilots, and conducted rescue operations to retrieve allied prisoners of war throughout Southeast Asia; and conducted clandestine agent team activities and psychological operations.

“The unit participated in most of the significant campaigns of the Vietnam War, including the Tonkin Gulf Incident which precipitated American involvement, Operation Steel Tiger, Operation Tiger Hound, the Tet Offensive, Operation Commando Hunt, the Cambodian Campaign, Operation Lam Son 719, and the Easter Offensive. The unit was formally disbanded and replaced by the Strategic Technical Directorate Assistance Team 158 on 1May72.”

“What was Ralph’s part in that?”

“He wouldn’t say and I didn’t press. He didn’t get there until early ‘71 and was out before 1May72.”

There are, in life, no win situations. Basically, you’re damned if you do and damned if you don’t. Take TOM’s Vendetta, for example. The hero in that story had a challenge that he met by taking the law into his own hands. What most likely would have happened in real life was Tom doing 20 to life in some prison. Or, if he got really lucky, he was killed by the warring gangs.

That was where I found myself with respect to the soldiers, between the rock and the hard spot. The National Guard is the Nation’s Militia. Unless the order they’re given is clearly illegal, they obey. That’s as it should be. I can remember in boot camp being taught that we didn’t have to obey illegal orders, but I don’t recall anyone being able to exactly define an illegal order. It could be done by example, the My Lai Massacre, for example, was an example of a Platoon Leader giving illegal orders. The Company Commander was found not guilty of issuing the orders, the Platoon Leader convicted and served 4½ months. We shall see what we shall see.

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They didn’t come back, for whatever reason. We were very careful after that to only use the chainsaw to drop a tree and cut it up back home. We wouldn’t have needed to cut firewood for years, had we not been forced to use the wood burning stove for not only canning, but cooking. While we had a large supply of propane, it wasn’t unlimited. Eventually, Ralph, Dave and I enclosed the woodstove platform and only ran the hot water heater on propane. The hot water heater was a standard 50 gallon tank heater with a high efficiency rating.



“Wouldn’t it be easier to go get another 3,000 gallons of propane?”

“I’m just afraid that if we leave the place, we’ll never make it back.”

“There are all kinds of oak trees in those forest plots, why don’t we harvest them, they’re hardwood.”

We bickered about that for several days and finally Dave and Ralph outvoted me by going and refilling the propane delivery truck, filling the tank and several bottles and returning for a second load. They pulled it off, slick as could be. What the heck, we had propane so we used it for both the hot water heater and the stove. However, that wasn’t the last of the problems; the generator had metal filings in the oil and needed a rebuild. Cummins had an outlet in Springfield and Springfield had the Missouri National Guard.

Although there was a curfew in effect, the three of us made a late night call on Cummins. There was a freshly rebuilt generator sitting there and another waiting a rebuild. All of the parts needed, including a new alternator head were sitting next to the broken generator. We managed to lift the generator with an overhead crane and set it in the bed of the pickup. We also took the spare parts. Both the rebuilt and the one needing rebuilding were the same model as mine, a whole house unit, the DGGD, 35kw. Now, we had 200 amps with two generators.

I didn’t know a whole lot about generators and made my mind up that since I had a 100 amp service panel, I needed a generator capable of producing at least 100 amps. I was wrong; I never once used 100 amps, which was just the panel rating. I could have probably gotten by with a 20kw. The salesman tried to tell me and I insisted. He didn’t care, the customer is always right. I bought all of the bells and whistles, too. In retrospect, I feel like I made the correct choice, the generator was never at max load and had almost 16,000 on it when we needed to rebuild it.

Dave took the tools he needed like torque wrenches, ring compressor, etc. plus the repair manual. I had most of a mechanics toolbox with combo wrenches, screwdrivers, pliers and of course crescent wrenches. It was that toolset that Sears sold, the 300 pc. Base Essentials Set. Enough with what he brought to hopefully repair the engine.

We set up the new generator, connected to the electrical service and ran a fuel line from one of the tankers. When it was up and running, Dave and I went down to look at the old generator and see if we had everything he needed. I noticed him slip off a ring, from his ring finger, and put it in his pocket.

“What was that you put in your pocket?”

“A ring.”

“I guessed as much; what kind of ring?”

“A wedding ring.”

“Does your mother know?”

“Up until now, only Carol and I knew. I expect you’ll want an explanation.”

“I’m not your father, so I’m not entitled. Surely your mother and Carol’s parents are.”

“Let me tell you about it first and see if the explanation will fly.”

“If you must.”

“We got married about a month before the crap hit the fan. In fact, we had planned to tell her parents when we went there. Things were a bit rushed getting everything loaded and we never got the chance. The thing is we were both old enough that we didn’t need permission to get married. We had talked about marriage on and off and finally decided we could use our money more wisely if we were married and living in her one bedroom off campus housing. So, we got the rings, the license, counseling and got married, end of story.”

“Not quite. You had ample time during your shelter stay to say something to your mother and her parents. Instead, you took off the rings and played let’s pretend. Not very grown up behavior if you ask me.”

“We started to tell them on the way down here and when the subject was brought up, Ralph had a fit. We dropped it and agreed not to bring it up until the time was right.”

“And?”

“I guess the time is right.”

“You go upstairs and get Carol, put on the rings and tell it like it is. You may find everyone quite receptive. The problem we saw was not having a minister available. That problem has been solved. Lay it out and let everyone get over the shock; then you will know. I think the two of you make a nice couple.”

“Thanks. Do you want to drain the oil when it cools off enough?”

“No, I’ll come along and keep you honest.”

Having a former Special Forces member angry with you wasn’t a wise thing to do. Nevertheless, the air had to be cleared before Carol ended up pregnant, if she weren’t already. I planned to be there just in case things got out of hand.

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 11

There was some shock followed by acceptance. It isn't common to annul a marriage after that amount of time. We were barely past that discussion when the same five MNG troops made a second appearance. They left their weapons in the Hummer and came to the door.

"I thought we'd seen the last of you fellas."

"We had a generator and a set of rebuild parts and a few tools come up missing. We recalled that you had power and took a chance and came to check if it was you. Didn't hear a generator running before, but it's hard to miss the one you have running now."

"We got lucky, not many troops enforcing the curfew."

"Did you borrow it or did you take with the intention of keeping it?"

"Our generator had metal shavings in the oil, thus the repair parts. If you managed to recover the generator would that change anything?"

"It would. Thing is generators that size are few and far between. Sooner would be better than later."

"We don't really have a diesel mechanic. Now if someone were to help us to repair ours, it would significant shorten the time of recovery."

"You scratch my back and I scratch yours?"

"That's as good a way to put it as any."

"We'll get a guy out here to repair yours. In return, we get the rebuilt back plus all of the tools you took. Look, we didn't report your presence, so few if any people know you're down here on the lake. Be nice to get our magazines back, though."

"Here, they all in this box along with the M9. Anyway we can prevent the mechanic from knowing our location?"

"Would a blindfold do the trick?"

"It should, like you said last time, there are a lot of small towns and no easy way to get here."

"Where's the broken generator?"

"In our shelter. You can help us get him down to the shelter, it is down a long ladder"

“No problem.”

“I’ve got some cold beer, anyone care for one?”

“That’s what Don Corleone meant by the expression of making an offer that couldn’t be refused. Sure, if it wouldn’t be a problem. Something wrong here?”

“The kids got married about a month before the big bang. It just came out today. A little shock, gnashing of teeth, incredulity, the usual.”

“Ok, the young lady will be on our leave alone list. All proper I assume?”

“Yes, license, counseling and the whole nine yards. Is that important?”

“Not a biggie, we’ll change the census data to reflect 3 married couples and no children.”

“So you did report our being here?”

“In a way, we reported the number of people but couldn’t come up with an address. We’ll leave it at that.”

“Come in, I’ll show you some of the finer features of our humble home.”

“The dome is constructed of 1 foot of reinforced special concrete mix covered with 3’ of earth. The floor is 6” of the same concrete and it covers a 3’ layer of soil. Access is through a vertical shaft with the entrance in the Hall closet. The entire floor lifts up and folds. The ladder goes down on the wall opposite the blast door. I could have gotten by without it although I didn’t.”

“Is the generator the same model?”

“Yep, the DGGD.”

“I’ll have him bring any parts you may have missed like cylinder sleeves or oversized pistons.”

“Here, have a cold one.”

“Whatcha got?”

“Millers Genuine Draft.”

“Got any cigarettes?”

“Only a few cartons for trade goods, filtered, Kool and Marlboro.”

“Spare a carton?”

“I suppose. What are they going for today?”

“Ten per pack.”

“Fifty cents a cigarette?”

“Yes, when you can find them. Hard to come by and it may be awhile before they resume production. I take it that you don’t smoke.”

“Gave it up due to a long hospital stay. How is that gun grab going?”

“Well, Bull Shoals and Table Rock must have steel bottoms if you believe the usual excuse. Second best is, *I sold it; didn’t the buyer register the gun?* The third is like your group, who make no bones about having military rifles, pistols and shotguns”

“We do have more than a few and all were legal until he issued the E.O. Since we exited the shelter, we carry anytime we’re not in bed sleeping.”

“Got plenty of ammo?”

“Yep.”

“Just asking, Most of the folks with hunting rifles usually have a box or two.”

“We have ammo ranging from subsonic up to military surplus and plenty of it.”

“Assault weapons or main battle rifles?”

Mainly the latter. Plus our military ordnance.”

“Yes, I guess there’s always some guy in logistics that needs money. When they computerized it, we thought that would solve the problem. Actually, it made it worse. A supply Sergeant comes up missing and comes up with the paperwork to show that item was issued for qualification or training.”

“You guys federalized?”

“No sir, Governor basically told him to kiss his butt. The word is the President is thinking of invoking all of those Executive Orders and making a big grab. Don’t think the South would cotton to that much.”

“You’re not from Missouri?”

“Born and raised in Arkansas, parents moved here when I was between 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> grade. Y’all know how the Southern states are big on states’ rights.”

“What about the rest?”

“Missouri residents, the same as me. We do thank you for the cold one and the carton of Marlboros. Really appreciate getting my M9 back. We’ll be back tomorrow or the next day with the generator mechanic.”

So far, so good. I’d understated how many cartons of smokes I had, but it wasn’t an unlimited supply. We bought them just before Obama raised the cigarette tax and sealed them in Ziploc bags. Over the years, I’d managed to stay one step in front of disasters, except for the accident. I sure hope we have some of that good luck left.

A close look at a map of our immediate area shows a small area of streets. They’re mostly summer homes or possibly bug out locations. Whichever, they were all currently unoccupied. All had to have wells and septic; this area was fairly remote and the only public service was electricity. I suspected that several of the homes had standby power.

With that in mind, we started checking the homes. One guy had everything including an RS12000 connected to heat tapes on all of the plumbing. It was one of two inhabitable homes, excluding major repairs. The other home had the pipes drained and antifreeze added but no standby generator. The second day, they were back with an unhappy man, no doubt because of the blindfold.

“Sergeant, we checked out the neighborhood yesterday. Two homes can be occupied. One of the two has a small propane fueled generator. The nicer home doesn’t have one. Any chance we could buy that generator we borrowed?”

“I doubt it. You should be talking to the mechanic. He might know of one for sale; however, don’t get your hopes up.”

“I found more of the Marlboros. I’ve got a full carton for each of the five of you.”

“Man, thank you. Go talk to him, he may know of one they installed that’s just sitting there unused.”

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“Sure appreciate you rebuilding our generator.”

“I was shanghaied, pure and simple. They said I had to do this to get back my customer’s generator.”

“We can pay for the parts, in gold. The Sergeant said you might know where a used generator was located.”

“And if I did?”

“We’ll buy it with gold, but you have to install the ATS and hook it up to the electrical service.”

“Ain’t gonna be lights for a long time, why not hook it up direct?”

“Well, just because that’s the way I want it.”

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll check the one generator that I know might be available. If it is, I’ll pull it for my customer and you can keep the rebuilt. I’ll wire up the ATS, if you insist. It ain’t gonna be cheap, before the war, the DGGD was expensive. Now, they’re almost priceless. Twelve ounces, US one ounce Eagles or South African Krugerrands, same difference.”

“Done. How long before ours is rebuilt?”

“Call it a week. What’s with the blindfold?”

“We like our privacy.”

“Those boys could learn a thing or two about blindfolds, I know where I am.”

“Where are you?”

“In that dome home down by Bulls Shoals Lake. I delivered this generator I’m working on.”

“Oops.”

“Explain it to the Guard boys and I’ll drive down myself. You provide the gas.”

“Sergeant, that mechanic was the guy who delivered our generator and knows where he is. I worked a deal with him and he’ll be driving himself from how on. You and your guys can take the rest of the case of Miller’s plus the cigarettes I promised. Our newlyweds will be occupying one of those two houses I mentioned.”

“That was fast, how did you work that?”

“I agreed to his asking price.”

The really hard part would be moving the generator from where it was sitting on bare ground to a new slab we’d pour for that the new home. I discussed it with Cass, Dave and Carol and explained that I’d bought a 35kw generator, the one we’d borrowed. The home without the generator was on the lake and if they wanted some privacy, it would

be ideal. It had a boathouse with a 20 some foot runabout and 55 horsepower Evinrude multi-fuel engine. It would run on anything from gasoline to JP-8 and was popular with the military.



## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 12

“Why don’t you take Carol over to check out the house?”

“Which one?”

“The one with the antifreeze in the lines. If you both like it, figure where to put the generator.”

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“We like it. What if the owner shows up?”

“Figure the odds. If the owner were coming, he should be here. I’ll try to buy him off. Otherwise, you’ll have to move to the other one, the one with the propane generator and the heat tapes. You can move the generator to that house and give him the RS12000.”

“One thing we’re going to need is a gun safe. We don’t want guns around young children.”

“Locking cabinet do?”

“If that’s all we can get, yes.”

“What are you thinking sweetheart?”

“Well...checking out the location where I bought my two safes. If that doesn’t work, get a locking office supply cabinet and build in a long gun rack inside. It’s about keeping the hands of your grandchildren off the guns until they’re old enough to learn gun handling.”

“How did you know Dave and Carol were married?”

“Happenstance. He took off the wedding ring and put it in his pocket when he started working on the generator. I told him he owed it to you and Carol’s parents to be open about the marriage.”

“In this case, you said the right thing. Ralph was a bit upset at first, but got over it. I think Sally is still in shock.”

“And you?”

“His decision, he’s not a kid anymore. Carol was a good pick, so I know his picker wasn’t broke. What’s the deal on the generator?”

“Twelve ounces of gold gets us the repaired generator and an ATS with installation. We’ll pull a tanker over there. The mechanic said it would take a week to rebuild ours so we’ll have time to pour a slab. I have a dozen or more sacks of premixed concrete.”

“Will that be enough?”

“Don’t know, I hope so.”

In fact I had 14 bags which allowed us to pour a slab just big enough to hold the generator, about 40” wide and 84” long. When our generator was up and running, we disconnected and moved the rebuilt to their house and the next day, the mechanic installed the ATS. He said that while it wasn’t his stock in trade, he’d had a class or two and could read the manual. Now, all we needed was more tankers and possibly a way to move the filled 1,100 gallon propane tank.

A five gallon propane tank is also called a twenty pound propane tank. Thus a 1,100 gallon tank containing 1,000 gallons weighs 2 tons, not counting the weight of the tank. Plus moving the tank had to be error free, one little mistake and it could blow up. We headed out to find an empty propane delivery truck so we could pump out the tank, move it and refill it. We let it sit at Dave and Carol’s, hooked to the hot water heater, stove and furnace. We did go back and refill the delivery truck and park it at their new home.

We had bought where we could and scavenged when we couldn’t. Ralph and I each paid half the price of the generator, our wedding gift. I’d have paid it all, but he insisted. We found a gun safe, a Browning Gold Series Gun Safe, a 21-66 Gun Safe. Heavy sucker! It had room for 6 handguns, combination lock. Thank God the guy had a walk-in basement.

“Carol’s pregnant.”

“Congratulations. I’m glad I insisted they stay sheltered until the radiation fell to 50mR.”

“Did Dave tell you that Carol graduated to a HK91?”

“Not that I recall. Good, that gives us .223s for your grandchildren.”

“Our grandchildren.”

“I’m not Dave’s father.”

“No you’re not, but he’s starting to treat you that way. Partly because you’ve been a good husband for me and partly because you’ve shown him respect. You didn’t get in his face when you realized he was married. You simply gave him good advice. He appreciated that more than you’ll ever know.”

“Stop, I’m not able to leap buildings in a single bound, fly faster than a speeding bullet. I’m no Superman, just a guy trying to get by and do right by my family.”

“See...you said family, not wife.”

I shut up, a family and I had no sons or daughters of my own. Frankly, I was more worried about what our President was going to do to restore the nation. It didn’t take long to find out.

Standby for an address by the President.

*My fellow Americans*

*These are trying time for our great nation. No one wins a nuclear war; however, some lose more than others. We have no fear of further attacks from Russia or China, of that you can be assured.*

*In order to rebuild our nation and ensure an equitable distribution of our resources, I have today implemented several existing Executive Orders. Those with excesses will be required to share with the less fortunate.*

*Those of our population who have seen fit to ignore my Order concerning the turn in of firearms have 30 days to comply or face arrest and imprisonment. This is nonnegotiable.*

*I will continue to make progress reports to the public as the renewal occurs.*

*Thank you.*

“One term President, mark my words.”

“What Executive Orders?”

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 10990 allows the government to take over all modes of transportation and control of highways and seaports.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 10995 allows the government to seize and control the communication media.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 10997 allows the government to take over all electrical power, gas, petroleum, fuels and minerals.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 10998 allows the government to seize all means of transportation, including personal cars, trucks or vehicles of any kind and total control over all highways, seaports, and waterways.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 10999 allows the government to take over all food resources and farms.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11000 allows the government to mobilize civilians into work brigades under government supervision.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11001 allows the government to take over all health, education and welfare functions.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11002 designates the Postmaster General to operate a national registration of all persons.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11003 allows the government to take over all airports and aircraft, including commercial aircraft.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11004 allows the Housing and Finance Authority to relocate communities, build new housing with public funds, designate areas to be abandoned, and establish new locations for populations.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11005 allows the government to take over railroads, inland waterways and public storage facilities.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11049 assigns emergency preparedness function to federal departments and agencies, consolidating 21 operative Executive Orders issued over a fifteen-year period.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11051 specifies the responsibility of the Office of Emergency Planning and gives authorization to put all Executive Orders into effect in times of increased international tensions and economic or financial crisis.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11310 grants authority to the Department of Justice to enforce the plans set out in Executive Orders, to institute industrial support, to establish judicial and legislative liaison, to control all aliens, to operate penal and correctional institutions, and to advise and assist the President.

“EXECUTIVE ORDER 11921 allows the Federal Emergency Preparedness Agency to develop plans to establish control over the mechanisms of production and distribution, of energy sources, wages, salaries, credit and the flow of money in US financial institution in any undefined national emergency. It also provides that when the President declares a state of emergency; Congress cannot review the action for six months. The Federal Emergency Management Agency has broad powers in every aspect of the nation. General Frank Salzedo, chief of FEMA's Civil Security Division stated in a 1983 conference that he saw FEMA's role as *a new frontier in the protection of individual and governmental leaders from assassination, and of civil and military installations from sabotage and/or attack, as well as prevention of dissident groups from gain-*

*ing access to US opinion, or a global audience in times of crisis.* FEMA's powers were consolidated by President Carter to incorporate the:

“National Security Act of 1947 allows for the strategic relocation of industries, services, government and other essential economic activities, and to rationalize the requirements for manpower, resources and production facilities.

“1950 Defense Production Act gives the President sweeping powers over all aspects of the economy.

“Act of August 29, 1916 authorizes the Secretary of the Army, in time of war, to take possession of any transportation system for transporting troops, material, or any other purpose related to the emergency.

“International Emergency Economic Powers Act enables the President to seize the property of a foreign country or national. These powers were transferred to FEMA in a sweeping consolidation in 1979.”

“Do they have the weight of law?”

“They seem to.”

“So we’re effectively a socialist or communist country?”

“So it would seem.”

“I didn’t spend a tour in Afghanistan to become a slave in my own country. I’m not sitting still for this.”

“Dave, pick your battles.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean don’t go off halfcocked and try to take on the government by yourself. You’re about to become a father; think of your wife and baby. We have the capability to deal with small groups one by one. I wouldn’t want to take on a Company of Infantry with what we have. We have some extremely accurate rifles and a former Green Beret plus some ordnance to even things up a bit.”

“Such as?”

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 13

“Rockets, grenades, Raufoss just to name a few. Maybe we can work a deal with some Guard troops to get what we don’t have that we might need.”

“Like what?”

“I have smoke grenades and M67s but no offensive hand grenades or Thermate. I think maybe some Mk3A2s and AN-M14 might come in handy. I wouldn’t turn down some of those M84 flash bangs either.”

“You’re talking about combat. Think you’re up to it?”

“I’ll manage; I’ve had a little practice.”

“That was a long time ago. What, 45 years back?”

“It isn’t the size of the dog in the fight; it’s the size of the fight in the dog. Don’t have much in the way of LINCLOE gear.”

“We use MOLLE these days, but I can probably get you some ALICE at a surplus store.”

“The improved LINCLOE?”

“Yes.”

“Ok, but keep your powder dry and watch your six.”

“Always.”

I started to sort through the medical supplies in the shelter, laying out what I’d want to carry if I was back in combat. I started out with those new haemostatic sponges, the one that included a Z-Medica ACS Sponge along with a pressure bandage and high volume gauze. I had one case of those and they’d cost around \$1,300 including shipping. One would fit nicely in an ALICE bandage pouch. Since a Combat Lifesaver carried a few extra things, I made up 6 piles following a list I’d gotten from somewhere on the web. Pretty good first aid kit if you ask me. Plus 3 Mark I NAAK sets because I didn’t have preloaded syringes of atropine. I’d gotten those Mark I kits when DHS or someone passed them out to first responders. I added a second Z-Medica TraumaPak to the first aid supplies; usually a bullet makes two holes, one in and one out.

By then, Dave was back with 6 sets of surplus ALICE gear. Said he ran into the Sergeant and mentioned a few things he’d like to get and could pay for in gold or silver. The Sergeant would see what he could do, gold talked. I’d have preferred he didn’t mention

the gold, but it was spilt milk. So far, we'd gotten along well with the Sergeant and the other 4 men. If they were the greedy type, well...that might not hold.

"Couldn't get much, two dozen flash bangs, three dozen concussion, three dozen incendiary. Let them go for two silver quarters or one half dollar each, 96 halves total."

"How about CLS bags?"

"Got a bunch of them lying around, half dollar each."

"Ok, I'll give you 5 rolls of 20 halves and want 8 of those CLS bags."

"Going to war?"

"Did you hear the President's announcement?"

"Yeah, what Executive Orders was he talking about?"

"The ones that take all of our rights away."

"No shit?"

"I have a list if you'd like to read it."

"I'm sure they will give us a list."

"Maybe, maybe not. Might not be a complete list."

"You're serious?"

"As a heart attack. I'm tired, old, crippled and I'm not about to sit still for this. We'll pick our battles, though. Got a lot of good sniping equipment."

"Need anything in that area?"

"I could probably use more Mk211MP or .50BMG Match. A M107 would double our anti-material capacity."

"Did you say more?"

"Yeah."

"Then you have some?"

"Yeah...so?"

“Next you’re going to tell me you have Tommy guns.”

“Nope, know where we can get some?”

“MP5SD do?”

“They function ok on 124gr Gold Dot?”

“As far as I know. Could get an armorer to polish up the feed ramps. Pretty quiet sub-gun.”

“How much?”

“Quarter ounce of gold each.”

“I’ll take six.”

“Have to get something for the extra magazines.”

“I’ll make it 2 ounces if you get me 20 extra magazines per.”

“Deal. Give us 5 days. I’ll throw in some 124gr ball for practice.”

Five days later, the good Sergeant had 10, not 6, subguns, 200 extra magazines and 10 cases of military ball plus the CLS bags. Except for the Z-Medica ACS Sponge along with a pressure bandage and high volume gauze, I returned the other supplies to the cabinets. He settled for the two ounces plus the balance of our Marlboros. I cautioned him that that was the last of our Marlboros.

We had yet to develop a planned course of action. We had several choices, especially if the Sergeant got the M107 and .50 caliber ammo I asked about. When I asked, he was still looking. I asked about a MUNS AN/PVS-27. He’d keep an eye out. It didn’t seem like he’d been gone a day, much less a week. He had the Mk15 (Tac-50) with Night-force 12-42x56 scope, night vision rail, 10 magazines and 2 AN/PVS-27s. He also had 30 cans of Raufoss and 15 cases of 750gr A-MAX.

“You’ve done well. How much is this going to cost me?”

“Well, the rifle and rail were free, I borrowed them. The AN/PVS-27s cost me 5 grand apiece, figure time and trouble on the ammo makes it worth around three bucks a round. I got you 3,600 rounds of Mk211 and 3,000 rounds of A-MAX. Call it twenty-two thousand and convert that to gold.”

“Fourteen and two third ounces. Make it 15. Maybe with the gold, you can find more cigarettes.”



“Been there, done that. Cleaned out a tobacco warehouse. Got around 6,000 cartons. Did you know they come 60 cartons to a case?”

“I’ve read that.”

“Anyway half of them were Marlboros. Ought to last a week or two. Figure out what you’re going to do yet?”

“Afraid not. Had to see what you came up with on the sniper rifles.”

“Is that going to be your approach, sniping?”

“Well...it one approach. Like I said, we haven’t decided.”

“Checked out those EOs. That’s a bunch of crap if I ever heard it. Lincoln suspended Habeas Corpus, but only Bush Sr. suspended Posse Comitatus.”

“No he didn’t, he used the Insurrection Act of 1807. The Coast Guard is exempted from Posse Comitatus for the most part.”

“If we can do anything at all to help you, let me know.”

“Thank you, we’ll keep that in mind.”

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“Do you trust him?”

“Not entirely. I don’t believe we’ll enlist their help.”

“He did come through with the arms, ammo and ordnance. I’m taking the Mk15, you can use the Barrett.”

“And he could come back tomorrow and arrest us for possession.”

The sniper was invented during the American Revolutionary War. He used a rifled musket, e.g., Pennsylvania or Kentucky Rifle. One of the most obvious features was the long barrel, up to 4’ in some cases and, the barrel had rifling. We older guys could do long range sniping using the .50BMGs. Dave and the gals could use the 7.62x51mm rifles. I just wasn’t about to admit that to that MNG Sergeant, at least not now.

The principal decision on our approach would depend on our targets. Local and County weren’t problems, they were helping. The Governor had the MNG helping and that they had done so again no problem. But the President and federal government, by contrast was out to get us, our firearms and food. BIG problem. Weren’t many Chiefs in Missouri,

just lots of Indians. So, we'd have to target the Indians and hope the Chiefs got the message.

A sniping war was in and of itself a dangerous approach. The first couple would probably be tied to the President's speech on NWS radio. If other survivors around the country picked up the idea, it just might work. Might have worked before the war, what with the sensationalist journalism of MSM. MSM was no more, just the ham net. The problem with the ham net was your tower was in a fixed location and could be triangulated. Maybe mobile HF radio? Limited range due to antenna, the heart of the system. However, it might get picked up and passed on.

Lots of qualifiers there, I know. Maybe, if and however. Slightly crippled or not, I wanted to enjoy the time I had left. And, Carol was out, no twofers for the guys with black hats. With 5 of us, maximum, able to participate, this time, the ladies stayed home and stoked the fires. We three, Ralph, Dave and I would go try our hand at sniping. The most important piece of equipment was our telescopes, all range finding, we correct for the wind. We'd use the Mk211, in case they were wearing body armor under their shirts. It was, after all, Multi-Purpose. One hundred rounds? A little over 31 pounds plus a 34 pound rifle, including scope and one loaded magazine. Gunkid was never around when you needed an assault wheelbarrow.

Have to avoid targets close to home, at least in the beginning. Start elsewhere and do some locally, later. Best choice for transportation? Diesel pickup using tempera paint based camouflage. Use the fire hose to wash it off. You could paint it different for every 'assignment'. My diesel because it had about 3,000 miles total range. Then you hear that a surviving Cabinet member is going to be in Tulsa on such and such a day. Out came the paint brushes and you slapped the paint on every which way. Load the magazines, check Dave out on the Super Match and check Ralph out on the M107.

You plan on a nighttime trip to Tulsa. Should be easy, 200 miles. But, it takes all night due to road blocks. Who is the target? The Secretary of Agriculture, he'll be working on the EO related to seizing food and farms. He gets nominal protective services, he's not the President. You know where he'll be speaking from the ham bands. You decided not to take a chance; both will fire their .50 caliber rifles on the count of three.

"Got him, 1,345 meters."

"Rog, same here."

"On the count of three. One, two, three." Kaboom, Kaboom

"Let's ease on out of here, Try to find some trees somewhere off the beaten path to park in until sunset."

All of the rifle cases go into the topper. You're down to your concealed carry and that's risky. Not a lot of woods in Oklahoma. You find one and it's occupied by some down

and outs. You take a big chance and keep going. You make to US 65 north of Harrison, Arkansas. Almost home, wrong side of Bull Shoals Lake. After sundown you make it close to Branson and on to home. Then, you take the time to hose down the pickup and lose the tempera paint.

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 14

“How’d it go?”

“Got him. Couldn’t find a place to hole up and drove to Harrison. Left there after sundown. We’re here, no holes.”

“How do you feel about it?”

“It was a job, needed done. I think maybe Ralph enjoyed it too much. The range was too long for a .308, Dave didn’t fire.”

“You look beat.”

“Stress, going to get a shower and a good night’s sleep.”

“The ham net said that the Acting Secretary of Commerce would be in Springfield next week.”

“Remind me in the morning, please?”

I scrubbed off the stink and was asleep when my head hit the pillow. I slept until 9am, I was tired. Another quick shower dressed and headed for the kitchen and breakfast. Ralph said we missed a few spots on the pickup and Dave was taking care of it. Bacon, eggs, hash browns, toast and coffee. Ralph and I go out to talk to Dave.

“Next week? Isn’t that crowding it?”

“Probably. Don’t know when he’ll be back, if he comes back. We can get closer and use the suppressed M1A with the subsonic ammo. One shot, one kill and no sound signature.”

“Have you checked the range it’s effective to?”

“Nah, just the sound signature.”

“I’m going to check the range both with and without the suppressor. Need to check the A-MAX 168gr, too. I’m going with what works best.”

“How will you know?”

“Carol will be off to the side and listen for me when I’m using the suppressor and A-MAX.”

“Well...”

“The subsonic is quiet, no need for a suppressor. However, it isn’t accurate and won’t cycle the action. Conversely, the A-MAX with the suppressor makes some sound, but it has a tendency to mask the direction from where the sound emanates. I’m going with the suppressor and A-MAX.”

“How did the rifle work for you?”

“Nice scope once I got it figured out. Darned accurate with the A-MAX Match.”

“Are you going to need backup?”

“I think I’ll take Carol as my spotter and we’ll drive on into Springfield after I make the shot. They won’t expect that. Stash our stuff; pick up the rifle and handguns on the way home.”

“You really want her involved?”

“Great cover. Yeah, that’s the best approach.”

“Make sure Ralph doesn’t find out until after.”

“If he asks, tell him I’m going solo.”

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The word slowly began to spread on the ham net after the witnesses in Tulsa and Springfield got on their radios. Federal employees began to die. It reminded me of a story, ‘Scavenger’. And, in this case, it wasn’t just AFT. The range of weapons even included IEDs. A bunch of EOD types who’d been taught to dismantle them and had equal skills in creating them. Obama seemed not to get the message. The Secret Service increased their coverage and added some Marines. Big mistake, some of those Marines remembered their oaths to protect and defend THE CONSTITUTION against all enemies, foreign and domestic. And the Prez had suspended most of the Constitution. Bang, bang, they shot him down, 2 to the head.

*Bang bang, you shot me down  
Bang bang, I hit the ground  
Bang bang, that awful sound  
Bang bang, my baby shot me down*

Joe Biden and the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tempore of the Senate were dead and Hillary became President. You think we had it bad under Obama? Think again. She finally had her fiefdom. Reminded me of a story I’d read, *The Last Centurion* by John Ringo. A foul mouthed officer, Bandit 6, a boy from Minnesota, saves the world from itself and brought down Hitlery. It may have been a free download in 2008. Probably downloaded it to Word and converted it to pdf, don’t remember. Don’t think so,

though, it has all the copyright information. Didn't know *Unintended Consequences* was on the web until the caution that it was illegal. I searched for hours, no luck. Finally came up with the right word combination and there it was. Of course, I heeded the admonishment not to download it. Bought the book, used. Good read. We need more people like Henry Bowman.

*The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy.* Dr. Martin Luther King

*An invasion of armies can be resisted, but not an idea whose time has come.* Victor Hugo

No more federal Cabinet Members came into our area and we dropped off the map. Of course, we had visitors, the Sergeant and his 4 buddies.

"They say that that shooting in Tulsa was done using a .50 caliber rifle."

"Heard that on the ham net."

"That shooting in Springfield was done with a 7.62x51mm rifle."

"We have both, as you well know."

"Saw the younger one in Springfield the day of the shooting."

"Right, he and his wife were there looking for cowboy guns."

"Find any?"

"Probably so, we have all we need."

"Trying to form your own cavalry?"

"With six people and one of them pregnant? Get real!"

"Still have all of the ammo I sold you?"

"Haven't opened one single can, you can check."

"This visit is unofficial, watch your six."

"Haven't been off the place except for that trip they made to Springfield."

And he couldn't prove differently. Plus we hadn't opened the ammo cans we'd gotten from him, we used what we had. Dave's shot had been close in, 750 meters, ~2,460'. The sounds of the shot echoed off several buildings, making pinning it down hard. The

suppressor only reduced the sound by ~30db and the bullet was supersonic. Hid the rifle in a building with the pistols, in a different direction than from where the shot had come from. Dave saw the Sergeant and his troops and ignored them.

We took a time out to let the other Patriots around the country have the time to do their thing. That took the pressure off us and when that Marine popped two in the back of the President's head, it was time to resume. The only thing worse than having Obama was Hillary being President. She didn't trust the Marine Corps and picked the Army to assist the Secret Service. She forgot, they swore the same oath. However, she crawled into Cheyenne Mountain and locked the door.

Cheyenne Mountain is primarily staffed with Air Force. It also has Army, Navy, Marine Corps (until now), Coast Guard and Canadian forces. In 2006, NORAD chose to move the bulk of Cheyenne Mountain's operations to nearby Peterson Air Force Base in order to reduce duplication of function between the two sites. On July 28, 2006, NORAD re-named the facility as the Cheyenne Mountain Directorate, and placed the operations center on "warm stand-by," meaning that the facility will be maintained and ready for use on short notice as necessary, but not used on a daily basis.

We called it our Hitler Campaign. The purpose was to take out more feds and demonstrate to the locals that anything was possible. Sgt. Hedges must have been guessing; except, he wasn't.

"You're back? Where are the rest?"

"This is a private conversation. I'm not the fool you take me for. We followed you to Tulsa and from there to Harrison. Dave being in Springfield the day of the shooting was no accident. Didn't catch him with a firearm, but he sure went around about way retuning home. I'm on your side, believe it or not. So are the members of my group. You fellas need someone to cover your six. We're more than willing to do that. As a show of good faith, I can provide you with more suppressors for your .308 rifles, no charge."

"That would be a lot of suppressors and adapters."

"How many?"

"Let's say 6 with the muzzle brake adapters. Surefire only."

"I have more than that."

"Well, give us all you can, we'll hunt up more rifles. Dave has 3 HK91s."

"We can make the adapters work, we have a good armorer."

"Can you get them in 5.56?"

“How many?”

“Eight. We’ll need two barrels threaded.”

“Mini-14s?”

“Yep.”

“No M-16s?”

“Not on your life.”

“If you don’t like the M-16, what do you use?”

“Got a pair of AC-556s; we mostly stick with the M1As except for some of the gals.”

“How are they set up?”

“The barrels are heavier to reduce vibration, folding stocks.”

“How will we know when and where to join you?”

“Do you have access to a ham radio?”

“As a matter fact, we do.”

“Ok, the top frequency will be our primary and the second, a backup. We’ll call you. Got a nickname or handle?”

“Call me The Centurion. You?”

“Call me Rainbow Six. You need to standby the radio at 2000 hours on the primary for 15 minutes. Switch to the secondary for another 15 minutes.”

“If I give you a time, deduct 90 minutes and meet us at Cedar Creek at the adjusted time. We won’t sit around waiting for you to show up.”

“Know who will be the target?”



## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 15

“Nah, that’s a last minute decision. Are you sure you want in on this?”

“I voted for McCain. The lady in the White House is a total fruitcake. I sense that you don’t trust me completely.”

“Not yet, I don’t. Trust has to be earned.”

“But I got everything you wanted.”

“Yeah and I paid for it with 15 ounces of gold, or did you forget that?”

“I can replace the cigarettes you gave us.”

“You’re pushing Sergeant Hedges, lighten up.”

“It’s Andy.”

“We may be older, but the lessons we learned are not completely forgotten.”

“How about a backup Rendezvous location?”

“We’ll use the junction with the back roads and US 65. You planning on bringing your Hummer?”

“We’ll lead once we know our destination. That will get you through any roadblocks. Want pistol suppressors? Complete with Nielsen devices and threaded barrels.”

“Why the heck not. Make it eight, six barrels for M1911s and two for Browning Hi-Powers.”

“I’ll be back tomorrow afternoon.”

“Make sure you bring the pliers and the alignment tool for the rifles and pistols.”

“How about I just bring our armorer?”

“Whatever. One of the .45s is a Taurus.”

“I think it’ll work in your Taurus. If not, the armorer can make it work.”

“Are you sure you want in on this?”

“Just because we’re good ol’ boys doesn’t mean we’re not Americans. Not just yes, but hell yeah. ‘Sides, we have access to things you might need. Just how good are you with

the sniper rifles? We sorta figured the shot in Springfield came from between 700 and 800 meters.”

“The shot in Tulsa was close to if not exactly 1,345 meters. Ralph and I did the shooting.”

“Darn, almost 1,500 yards. Not the longest shot ever made, but the people who shot further were trained snipers.”

“Are you certain that you speak for all five in your group?”

“We talked it over before I approached you. We’re in. I have an idea, why don’t we get you modern tactical gear and ACUs?”

“Do you have or can you get something for each of us?”

“Don’t have any maternity wear, but yeah, can do.”

“Carol won’t be coming. None of the ladies will be coming; they stay here and keep the home fires burning.”

“You must have heard by now that there’s a movement building. Obama was bad enough, but the witch in the Western White House aka Cheyenne Mountain is far worse than anyone expected. We know for sure the Speaker of the House and Vice President were killed in the attack. We’re not so sure about the President Pro Tempore of the Senate.”

“What happened to him?”

“Auto accident.”

“I see what you mean, easy to arrange, difficult to prove it was anything other than an accident. When did it happen?”

“Before that Marine shot Obama.”

“Was she paving the way?”

“Some of us think she was.”

“Is the former president in the mountain too?”

“We haven’t heard that he is. It’s just her and her close personal assistant, female.”

“Maybe Fleataxi was right.”

“Who?”

“One of the Patriot Fiction authors.”

“You read that stuff?”

“I used to, entertaining and sometimes educational. Many of the visitors to my favorite website were former military or LEOs, sometimes both. They were preppers to the core. I miss the internet.”

“Don’t hold your breath, word is even if they could get it back up, she’d block it.”

“Well, I might as well tell you, the next target will be in Fayetteville, Arkansas and it will be Monday of next week.”

“I’ll be back with the uniforms and armorer tomorrow. I’ll need sizes. Need them for boots too. We’ll outfit you completely and you can use or not use what we provide.”

“Not use?”

“Those plates are heavy. Shouldn’t be a problem for Dave, but Ralph and you, well, I’m not so sure. You’re going to need time to break in those boots.”

“I have silk underwear for each of us. That should help.”

“You won’t need it. The new combat boot is rough side out with wicking socks, a little easier to break in.”

They would have held the speech in Little Rock, but Little Rock had been hit and was a wasteland. The same applied to Pine Bluff. Fayetteville had been their third and only choice. This time, it would be the Secretary of HHS, trying to explain the new healthcare system. It wouldn’t have mattered; the healthcare system was in total disarray. They were transportation problems getting supplies from the Strategic National Stockpile to the few remaining hospitals.

While the Secretary of HHS was a woman, she was part of the problem, not the solution. Our mission was to send a message to Colorado Springs. We drove down Sunday night and got set up. We found out that she would have a bit more than the normal amount of protection, due to the two previous deaths. After this, we’d have to lay low because connecting the dots, Tulsa, Springfield and Fayetteville would create a triangle defining our AO.

Somehow, Obama had missed including *cowboy guns* in this EO. The military weapons would be stashed in the shelter and we’d go with the single action revolvers and Marlin rifles. We’d sort of look out of place, this was Missouri, not Texas.

We could explain that by disabling our vehicles. A closer look at the map showed our dome just outside of the triangle; but, not by much. Maybe 20 or so miles to the east of the line from Springfield to Fayetteville and they just might come our way to check things out, our area was on the MSN Maps. It was going to be a hit and run with Andy and his boys covering our backs. Weapon of choice would only be decided once we saw the place.

It turned out to be the Barrett's, the very closest we could get was a little over 1,000 meters and that wasn't a good location. We backed up about 100 meters to a much better place with better egress and settled in to wait.

"I've got her," Dave said.

"Are you sure?"

"I've seen her picture, yes, it's her. Wind is from right to left at 5mph. I make the range a little over 1,100 meters."

Ralph used the BORS to confirm the range, clicked in windage adjustments and when she was behind the unprotected podium, slowly squeezed the triggers. Kaboom. Kaboom.

"Clean hit, let's bogie."

We took a look through the scopes, put down the lens covers, pulled the two pins and cased the rifles. We were so out of there. We could well have been where state 54 crosses I-540 by the time they figured out where the shots had come from. We hit Arkansas State Police, Highway Patrol Division at the border and our uniforms and fake IDs paved the way past them. We spent far less time getting home than we spent getting to Fayetteville.

"Good operation, now what?"

"Andy, we're going to lay low for a while. Stash our military arms and stick with our *cowboy guns*."

"I hope our absence wasn't noticed."

"If it was and you have a problem, come down here and we'll make that second home habitable."

"We can't just desert."

"Why not? Families?"

“No families, but we swore an oath.”

“To protect and defend THE CONSTITUTION against all enemies, foreign and domestic. You don’t owe that broad anything.”

“If we do come, we’ll bring civvies and weapons of our own. We found one place overlooked that had several of the pistol caliber Winchester model 94s.”

“We’ll try to round up more horses and tack.”

“We’ll bring our own, if that’s ok.”

“If you do, bring some of the horse mix from the elevator and a semi-load of hay.”

Two days later, they were back, driving a semi-load of hay, a five ton filled with horse mix, a fifth wheel pickup pulling a 6 horse trailer and dressed like cowboys. They dumped the grain on a sheet of plastic and returned the semi and trailer plus the horse trailer. They kept the pickup but removed the fifth wheel.

“Get a little hot?”

“Smokin.”

“Did they tie you to Fayetteville?”

“Nah, we told them we were out on patrol. I could sense they intended to check that out further and we decided to split. Anything else we need?”

“A propane tank might be nice. We can fill it, but will have to get more propane.”

“You said the place had a generator?”

“Yeah, RS12000. It produces just shy of 100 amps.”

“That will be more than enough. Is it hooked in?”

“No. We moved it from the kid’s house and it won’t take but a few minutes to hook it in as the primary power.”

“How many bedrooms?”

“Three.”

“I guess we’ll double bunk for the time being. Any of the other houses usable?”

“They are if you can repair the broken water pipes, why?”

“We have girlfriends.”

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 16

“You didn’t mention that.”

“Man doesn’t live by bread alone.”

“I thought that generators were hard to come by.”

“Not those 12.5 Quiet Diesels. We have the market cornered, one for each of five homes. They put out a bit more power than the RS12000, a shade over 100 amps.

“Most of the homes have propane tanks for the stove and hot water. Don’t know about the furnace.”

“We checked, all have fireplaces. One of the guys was a plumber’s apprentice; we’ll get the pipes repaired. Won’t dare go into Springfield for parts, but we’ll manage.”

They did too, actually repairing the broken pipes in all of the homes, just in case. Put antifreeze in the lines of the homes they weren’t going to use. All of the propane tanks were topped off and two filled delivery trucks parked filled with more. They moved into the homes as couples, each guy with his girlfriend. Don’t know if they were married, but they had wedding bands.

The next task was getting enough firewood for their fireplaces, the winters still got cold. They harvested Hickory and Oak and I let them use the splitter in exchange for a small amount of Hickory. Their Winchesters were .44 magnum and they had Ruger Super Blackhawks or the old model Vaqueros in .45 Colt. The ammo was a mixed lot of .44 special and .44 magnum. Their ammo was Speer. Their leather was mishmash of SAS rigs and they had scabbards for the Winchesters. The shotguns were almost exclusively Winchester ’97 20” trench guns complete with heat shields and bayonet lugs plus the 1917 bayonets.

Pretty soon there were additional pregnancies. But, we had a Medic. To top it off, he was well supplied and between what we had and what he had, we were in good shape. We were a bit short on antibiotics, but who wasn’t? What we had from the medical supplies was powdered penicillin that could be reconstituted with sterile water. Our epinephrine was expired, being only good for one year.

With five pregnant women, we didn’t expect to be able to avoid problems and our medic said the five pregnant women needed prenatal care. There was a physician in Branson and if we could take them in, they would appreciate it. Andy admitted that the five men were afraid of getting caught. Instead, they would stay here and repel invaders.

We were as sure as we could be that our identity was secure, connected in no way to the three assassinations. When we set out to take the ladies to Branson, we were armed with our Marlins and single action revolvers. We entered the community without

fanfare and found the doctor at his clinic. I quickly explained the problem, five pregnant women who needed prenatal care. Depending upon what he recommended, we had vitamins and good wholesome food.

The doctor checked them one at a time beginning with Carol who was furthestmost along. He detected no problems, but the Medic's wife was pregnant with twins. Only Andy's wife wasn't pregnant and hadn't gone along that day. When we came out of the clinic, some of MNG troops were standing by my pickup and the Travelall.

"Have you folks seen anything of five men in ACUs? They're deserters and we've been asking around. Can't have deserters, they're bad for morale."

"Can't say as we have, what do they look like?"

"Here're copies of their photos from their personnel packages."

I looked, shrugged and handed the photos to Dave, who shrugged and handed the Photos to Ralph. Ralph said, "Once, maybe a long time back, doing a census. Ralph handed the photos to the 4 wives of the soldiers and it was uniformly agreed that they didn't know the men. "Let me see those photos again. I remember the guys who did that census. You know Ralph; I think you may be right. Is this guy here a Sergeant?"

"Yes he is."

"Right, they were around quite some time back. Initially reported two married couples and two offspring. Later, we found out that our kids had gotten married before the war and the next time we ran into the Sergeant, I mentioned it and he said he'd change the records."

"Can we see some ID?"

"Don't know what the ladies have, but here's mine."

"And mine," Ralph added.

"Here you go," Dave said producing his.

"Ladies?"

"We didn't bring our purses. Before you say that's mighty strange, it is. Not all of us had driver's licenses either. Social Security cards say right on them that they're not identification. Haven't been able to get makeup since the war; and, we don't have any money. Our husbands handle the money."

"Where are your husband's?"



“At home keeping the home fires burning and splitting firewood. Of course, they may have gone riding to look for more trees to cut. As you can see, all we have are these ‘cowboy guns’ and they weren’t in the Executive Order.”

“Yes’m. Had to ask. You live close by?”

“No way. No offense but we don’t take much to soldiers.”

“New administration, Hillary is now the President.”

“Since when?”

“Since a jarhead shot Obama in the back of the head.”

“What’s a jarhead?”

“A Marine. Obama brought some in to strengthen his security.”

“Well, it sounds to me like he maybe could have made a better choice. Where is the seat of government now?”

“Cheyenne Mountain. Don’t you people have a radio?”

“I had one, but it was connected to the antenna instead of being grounded and they must have set off HEMP or something, it’s deader than a doornail.” I explained. “Anything else?”

“Be sure to let us know if you see those five men.”

“Sure thing, soldier.”

I seriously doubt I’d go to hell for lying; I’ve done much worse than that. We returned back to the Lake and dropped Dave and the ladies off.

“Everything ok?”

“The medic, John? They’re expecting twins. Got questioned by the MNG combined a mix of lies and truth. I do believe it might have worked.”

“Do you agree Ralph?”

“We’ll I’m not sure I trust Glen after that conversation. He’s a grade A liar.”

“Oh, Andy’s wife is late. Wait until we’re sure and plan on another trip to Branson.”

“Geez, I hope it’s not catching. Doc said that if he had ample notice, he could deliver the babies either here or his clinic. And, whatever you do, leave the ham radio in the shelter, I told those soldiers it was taken out by EMP.”

“Didn’t they notice the ham radios in your vehicles? Do we need to do anything special for the gals?”

“They appeared not to notice. Dig out some of those vitamins. They’re not perfect, but he didn’t have any and said they were close enough.”

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“Cass said you’re expecting too.”

“I’m not, she is.”

“Ran into some of your compadres in Branson. Asked a bunch of questions; I think we handled them ok.”

“Looking for us for desertion?”

“Yep, said it was bad for morale.”

“It is. I wouldn’t be surprised, though, if a few more deserted. National Guard is weekend warriors, not fulltime military. Plus we’re not federalized, thanks to the Governor. Neither Arkansas nor Missouri have State Defense Forces.”

“Just a bunch of insurgents.”

“Patriots or Freedom Fighters, I don’t like the term insurgent. I was listening to the ham radio today; more and more people coming out of the woodwork with main battle rifles and assault guns.”

“Thomas Jefferson said, *The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure.*”

“I agree with that, actually I believe the full quote was:

*God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. The people cannot be all, and always, well informed. The part which is wrong will be discontented, in proportion to the importance of the facts they misconceive. If they remain quiet under such misconceptions, it is lethargy, the forerunner of death to the public liberty. ... What country before ever existed a century and half without a rebellion? And what country can preserve its liberties if their rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms. The remedy is to set them right as to facts, pardon and pacify them. What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The*

*tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."*

"I only knew the part I quoted. Now that you mention it, I remember that first sentence too."

"Do you think we've done enough to get the ball rolling?"

"I suppose that time will tell. These things, once started, seem to have a mind of their own. Besides, I believe that there are more of us than them. I presume most of the liberals lived in big cities. And for those that didn't, if they shoot off their mouths, I think someone may prefer to shut it."

"This could prove to be a lonesome trail."

"If needed, we can give it nudge from time to time. Did I understand correctly that you dumped your military arms?"

"Well...not actually, so someplace we can hide them?"

"Shelter ok?"

"We'll bring them by. Oh, here are the Marlboros back. Most people in the military smoke, it's a real stress reliever."

"They were smoking more than cigarettes in 'Nam."

"I heard that, so it's true."

"Not everyone, of course."

"Did you try it?"

"Yeah...but I didn't inhale."

"You know that we never got your last names."

"Ours is Clinton, Dave's is Jones and Ralph's Stewart. Best leave it to our Noms de Guerre."

"We'll go by the Centurion series. What about the others?"

"I'll suggest that Cass go by mother hen. You'll have to ask Ralph and Dave."

"Historian for Dave?"

## House of the Rising Sun – Chapter 17

“Carol is also a history major.”

“Ok History Mike and History Golf.”

“If Carol and Dave agree that’s fine.”

“I’ll be Centurion One Alpha, John Centurion Two Alpha, Rusty Centurion Three Alpha, Jim Centurion Four Alpha and Harry Centurion Five Alpha. Our wives will be our Noms de Guerre plus Bravo.”

“What scheme are the two of you hatching up now?”

“Cass, we’re deciding on Nom de Guerres.”

“What did you decide for me?”

“Mother hen.”

“What’s yours Glen?”

“Rainbow Six.”

“I should be Rainbow Six Alpha.”

“If that’s what you want, you are. What’s wrong with mother hen?”

“I’m not THAT old.”

“Andy, Ralph was a mason; how about Mason and Mason Alpha?”

“What did you two come up with Dave and Carol?”

“History Mike and History Golf.”

“Planning another operation? I think he and she will like that.”

“No more operations for a while, we’ll let things sort themselves out.”

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“Good. We have a big garden this year and some of you need to be out looking for jars.”

Life changes, especially after this kind of war; needs, however, are constant. No more trips to the grocery stores. You grow it; buy it from a grower or trade for it. Some things

are only available if you salvage or scavenge. With the way things were turning out, the latter pair is very risky.

Plus the majority of the residents in your growing community are hiding out from the MNG and military. What it boils down is the two old Vietnam veterans get stuck with the hunt while the others stay close to home because of pregnancies and firewood collection. And, you never miss a chance to pick up bath tissue, coffee and feminine supplies on top of the jars and lids.

Ralph and I looked at the map of Arkansas and located Bentonville. It's the head of Wal-Mart and they apparently have a large warehouse in the town. It's not that far away, a little south of the border, so why not? No matter what kind of location it was, we could look for canning jars. While we had bought lids by the cases, you can't reuse them like the jars.

On nice sunny day we hooked the trailer to my pickup and headed out. Our Loaded rifles and pistols carefully concealed the cowboy guns in clear evidence. We slipped an Arkansas State Police roadblock on US 65 and headed south to 412, west to US 71/I-540. There were people working at what we took to be the warehouse and we holed up until near midnight.

We gave the guard a headache he should remember for a while and loaded according to our list. Jars and lids first, feminine supplies next, coffee and fill all the corners with bath tissue. Then you make haste to head towards home, camping out along the way. You see an unusual amount of State Police traffic and decide to lay over another day.

"Rainbow Six Alpha, Rainbow Six."

"Where are you in general terms?"

"Made the score, laying low due to increase police activity."

"Did you get the stuff?"

"Everything on the list."

"ETA?"

"Uncertain, depends on the State Police."

"Be careful."

"Rog."

It was a good spot and we ended up staying there for 3 days. Finally, we eased out early one morning and took 412 to Mountain Home and then north on state 5 to the road

back to our area US 160. It was a harrowing journey; they sure got upset over some jars, etc. You'd have thought we robbed Fort Knox. Say there's an idea...not worth the risk; we had ample gold and silver.

Back home, they'd strung trot lines, had cut several hardwoods and managed to get Andy's wife to the doctor in Branson. Plus they'd made their own midnight run and had gotten 6 21ft<sup>3</sup> upright freezers, cheap at twice the price. We'd wanted more coffee, but the jars took too much space and a second run to Bentonville was out of the question. Where was the nearest Super Wal-Mart? Branson has two, very picked over, what about the original Branson Wal-Mart?

Another midnight run, no cowboy guns this time. Dave came with Ralph and me. Lucky us, more coffee plus prenatal vitamins; a quick in and out with Ralph standing guard. Almost didn't hear him fire his rifle.

"Trouble!"

"Probably the MNG. Do we have everything?"

"Got the coffee and vitamins, let's go."

It was a good chance to practice the failure to stop drill, they had body armor. Apparently, they didn't notice Dave and me exiting and spreading out. It was over in a blink of an eye, there were only two of them on patrol. They sure were huffy over a few bottles of vitamins and 10 cases of coffee, mixed brands.

Once we were home, we took stock of what we had; plenty of prenatal vitamins, more than a year's worth of coffee for eight families. It was time to cut firewood and stop the galloping around unless it's on horseback.

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The queen bee was still in Cheyenne Mountain, as nearly as we could determine. People were digging up their battle rifles and openly opposing most of those EOs. The tide hadn't turned although it was gaining momentum. It brought to mind the fact that starting November 5, 2008 you couldn't find ammo anywhere. It had stayed that way for nearly a year. Firearms were backordered, sometimes with a six month wait. Eventually the firearms were delivered and ammo became available, thus the prices started to drop.

Military forces were diverted to begin the cleanup of those cities that could be saved. It wasn't many; the majority would remain hot zones for years to come. It was easier to build whole new cities and enter the Corps of Engineers. New Orleans was under several feet of water and abandoned. Similar stories abounded on the ham net. All aviation hubs were history, but it didn't matter because there wasn't much Jet A available. It was a good thing the military vehicles could run on alternate fuels.

Over the course of the next five years, 19 babies joined the world in our little neighborhood. We were visited by the MNG when food became available. They talked to every household, including the Centurions homes. I guess that they had quit looking, we had no trouble. We found a buckboard and made the occasional trip to Branson to pick up our share of rations, which now included coffee, bath tissue, feminine supplies, beans and rice.

The coffee was roasted bulk coffee and you could use their grinder or you own. We had several spice grinders and ground our own. We located some chickens, cattle and hogs during those five years and began raising our own. A butcher from Branson cut and wrapped it for us in exchange for a portion of the meat. We did our own chickens; man, do I hate to pluck the feathers.

Did everything return to normal? Yes, a new normal. When she suspended elections, and dared to venture forth, we suddenly needed a new president. It was written ballots prepared in such a way that you couldn't spoil a ballot and every voice was heard. The new President was a Libertarian and vowed to restore the Constitution. New, independent parties formed, the Republicans and Democrats had their chance and look at what we ended up with. In a total turnaround, federal gun laws disappeared, even Bush's EO.

They're saying now that Ralph and I have cancer, but ones they can treat even with the retreat medical services. In the immediate aftermath of the war, tons of military supplies ended up missing. You can guess what, rockets, hand grenades, some mortars, and ammo. Barrett rifles in the hands of military were few and far between. Ronnie Barrett loved it, he got to build replacements.

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